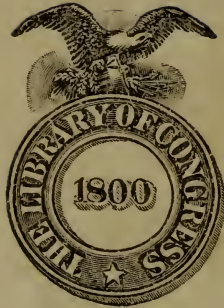


PSYCHOLOGICAL
AUTOBIOGRAPHIES
- by -
JAMES M FLAGG





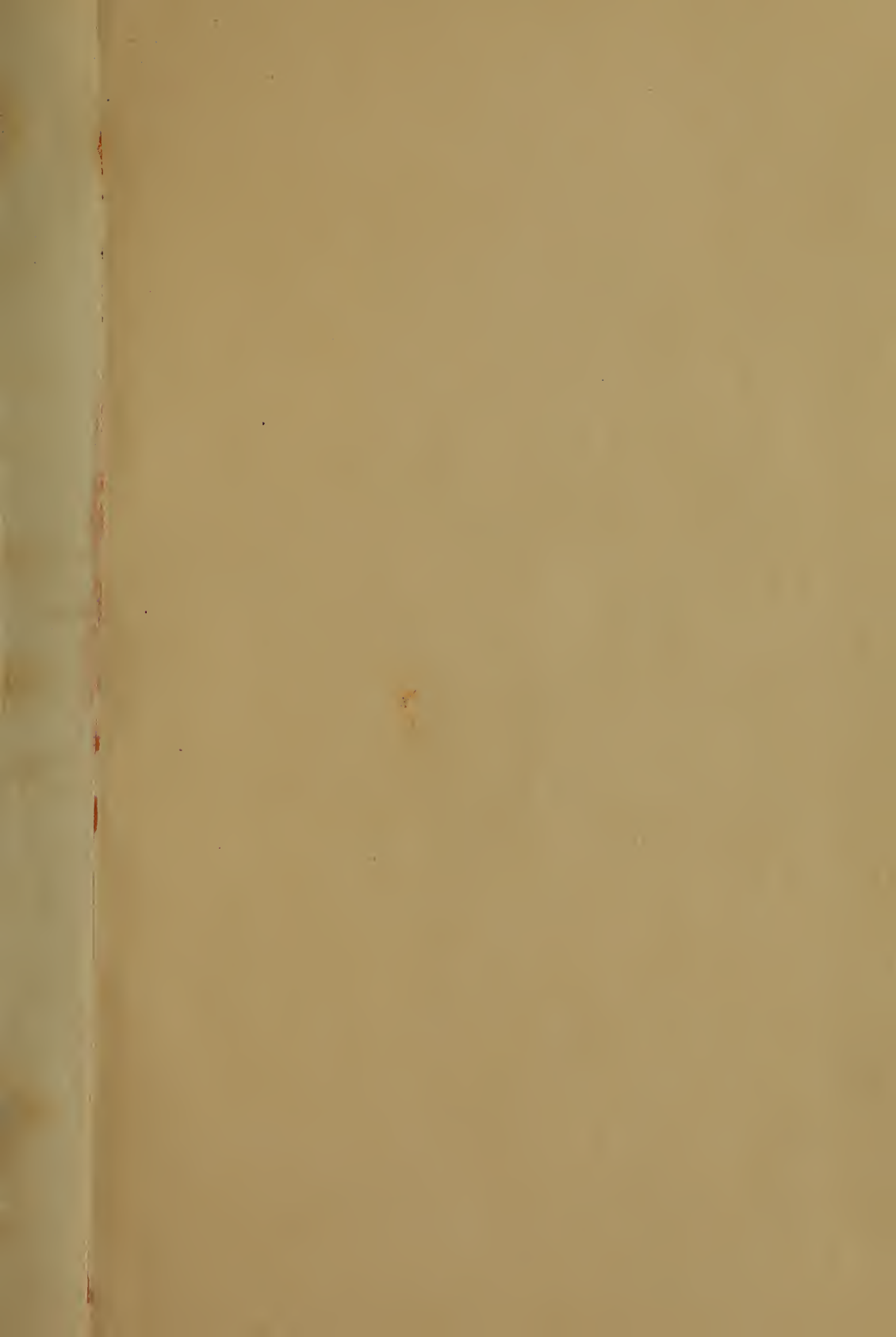
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STYLUS EDITION

VOLUME SEVEN

PSYCHOLOGICAL
AUTOBIOGRAPHERIES

by

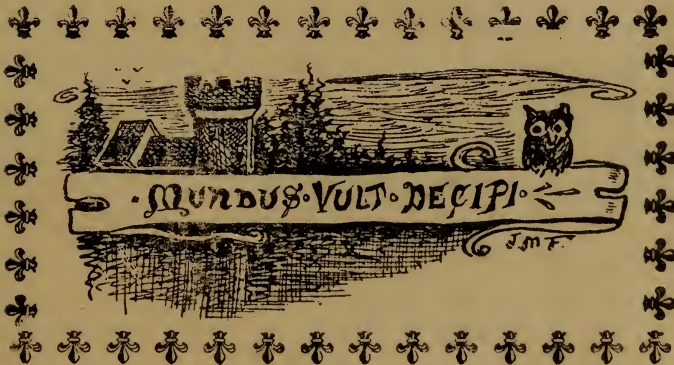
JAMES M FLAGG

*Dedicated To My Faithful
wife*

ANNA KATHERINE



POEMS & TALES



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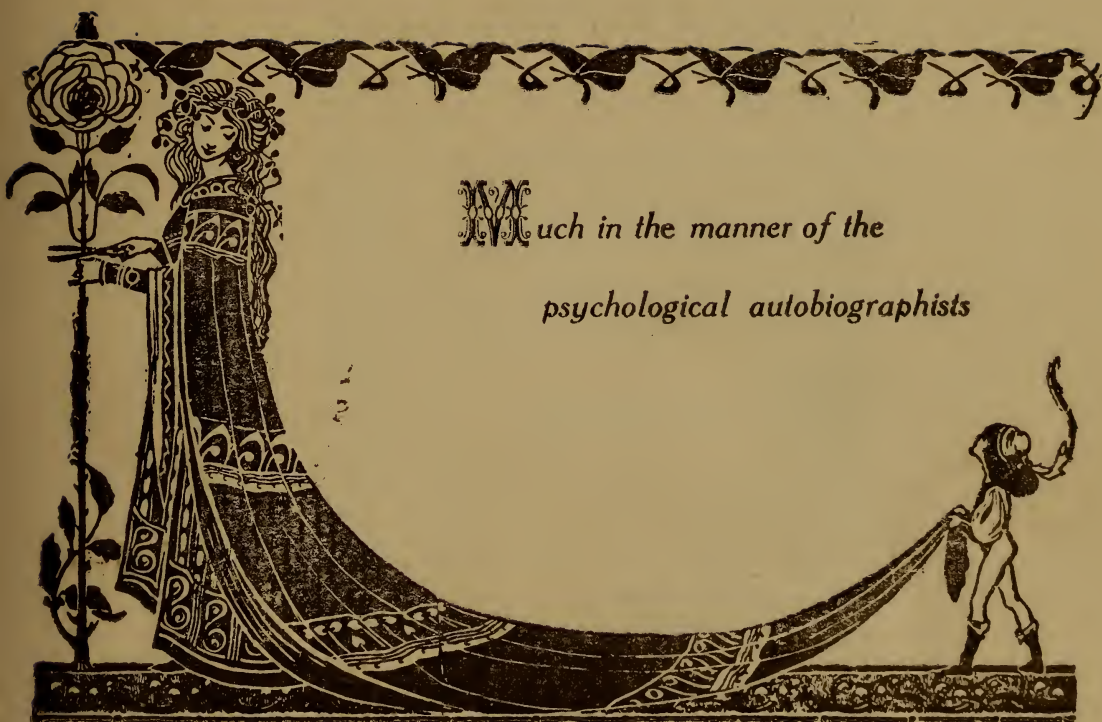
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no 1.



Much in the manner of the
psychological autobiographists

CONTENTS



The cruise of the Snark	1
Innes Clarque . . .	30
The Genius . . .	40
The case of James Gaffeen	46
The Literary Giant . .	52
Meteoric Geniuses . .	59
The Mundist . . .	64
The Mental Wreck . .	74
Murgeon . . .	80
Lodbrogg the Half-Wit .	95
Telcani . . .	103
Jazz Merazz . . .	117
Bloody Fingers . . .	123
Introduction to poems . .	125
The Coquette . . .	126
Man and Beast . . .	128
The Poet and the Sparrow	129
Melancholy . . .	130
Aeons ago . . .	131
The Literary Goat . .	132



contents

The Storm . . .	133
The Camerist . . .	134
The Scribe . . .	135
To Anna . . .	136
<i>jure divino</i> . . .	137
Eternity of Dreams . .	138
A Thorough Bohemian .	139
So Drooped the Girl .	141
The Hell Ship . . .	145
Sacramental . . .	149
Politician . . .	150
The Death of Leonora .	151
King Death . . .	153
Immortality . . .	154
Monogamy . . .	156
The Last Look . . .	158
The Sky Pilot . . .	161
Eternal Solitude . . .	162
Serenade . . .	168
A Heart to Let . . .	169
Satan and the Poet . . .	171
Lay her There . . .	173



FOREWORD

Among the elements which go to the making of the true work of art, the daemonic holds first place. It is the essential and peculiar quality of genius --- the quality which lies beyond the reach of the most exacting and intelligent work, as it lies beyond the search of analysis. Any man may learn the secrets of form; he may become an adept in the skill of his craft; but the final felicity of touch, the ultimate grace of effortless power, elude and baffle him. The writings of Flagg flow with the natural distinctive and deliberate grace of *real literature*, and that he is an artist of unparalleled qualification cannot be denied.

Publisher.



Melancholy, the vampire bat,
Long upon my bosom sat
And I would rave but that he flings
A sweet nepenthe off his wings

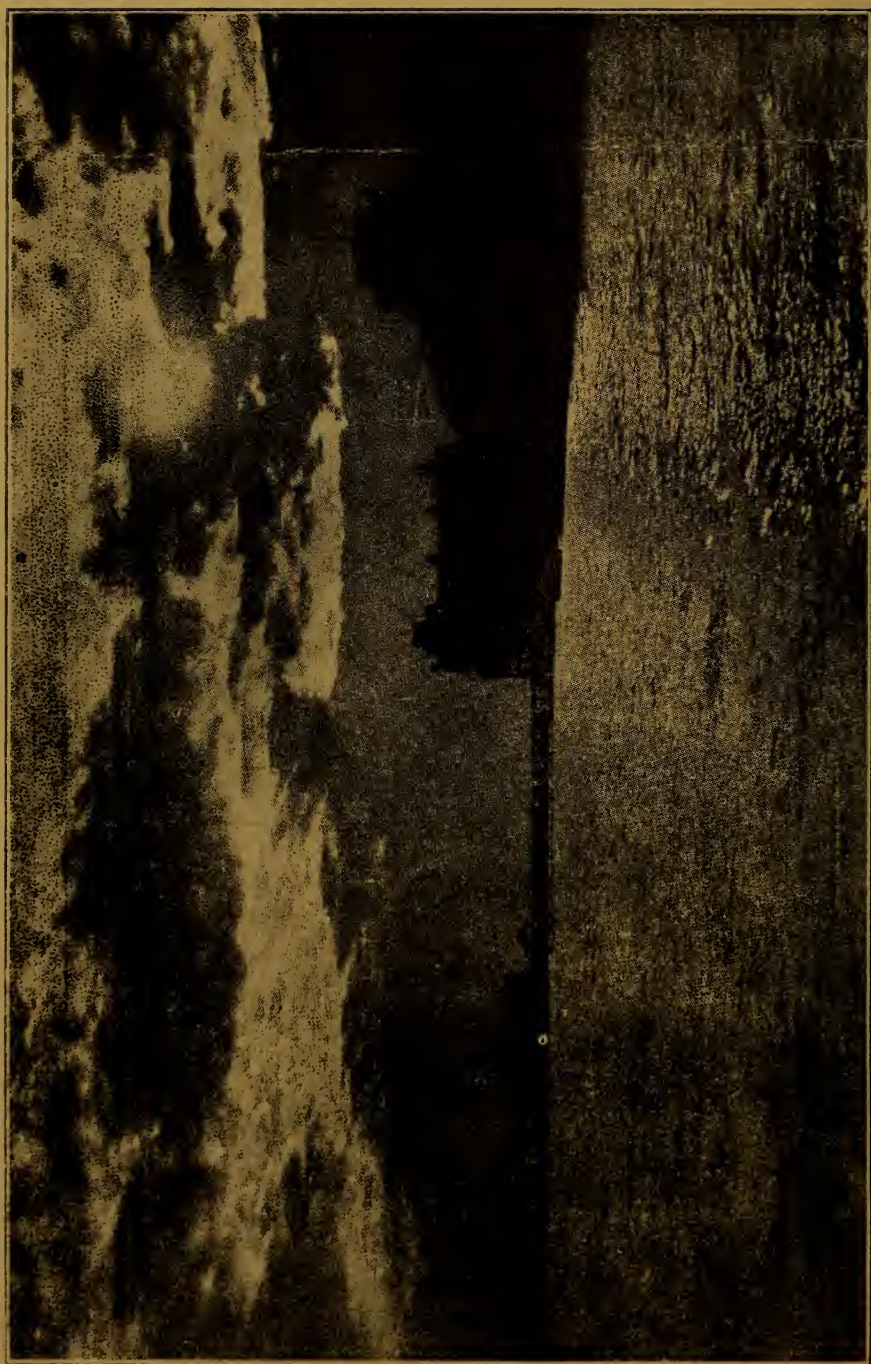


AUTHORS NOTE

The effusions of my pen, will, no doubt, throw those of a critical turn, into a fit of rage and fury; therefore, let it be understood from the outset, that I am simply setting forth idiosyncratic psychological autobiographies, and, as I am not composing a novel, I do not deem it necessary to have any recourse to the customary devices of the literary person.

Above all things, the study of the weird and fantastic has given me great delight; still, my habits of rigid thought enables me to detect their every falsity, and, if the reader's mind is not *too* feeble, he may find something herein to please his soul (if soul he has) Too, as far as catering to the commonplace, --- the commonplace is a deadletter, and a nullity.

Author.



THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

MAN DOETH NOT YIELD HIMSELF TO THE ANGELS,
NOR UNTO DEATH UTTERLY, SAVE ONLY THROUGH
THE WEAKNESS OF HIS FEEBLE WILL.

Of my morals or of my principles I have little to say. Free-thinking and social conditions have *cured* me of the one, and *tore* me from the other. It was, if I am not mistaken, man's inhumanity to man, that has convinced me of the cool logic that lies in the philosophy of "the survival of the fittest."

After many years spent in foreign travel, I sailed in the year 1907 April twenty third from the port of Frisco, on a voyage that was to extend around the world. I went as passenger --- having no other inducement than

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

a kind of nervous restlessness which, haunted me as a fiend. Our vessel, however, was but a forty-five foot affair, copper fastened, and built at Sausilito of the finest teak. She was bent on a trip of adventure, commandeered by Jaque London, who was its owner and a socialistic writer of great renown.

There were but seven souls aboard the *Snark* including myself; Mrs Charmois London was the only lady with the party, she was of thorough american stock and possessed a mind of the very highest order. We were all passengers, and were at the same time the crew. We got under way in the early morning, and amid the cheers of thousands of doubting and curious spectators. For many days we rode the high seas of the great Pacific, without even the passing of another

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

vessel to beguile the monotony of our course. One evening, leaning over the taff-rail, I observed a very singular, isolated cloud, to the north west ; it was remarkable, as well for its color, as from its being the first we had seen since our departure from Frisco.

I watched it attentively until sunset, when it spread all at once into a long line across the heavens. My attention was soon afterward attracted by the dusky red appearance of the moon, and the peculiar character of the sea.

The latter was under going a rapid change, and the water seemed more than usually disturbed. The air now became intolerably hot, and was of a very suffocating nature ; as night came on, every breath of wind died away

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

and all became calm beyond belief. However, London, who had spent the greater part of his life upon the sea, assured us that he could perceive no indication of danger, and upon this night he set no watch.

I went below --- but with a full presentiment of evil; indeed, every appearance warranted me in apprehending a typhoon. I spoke of my fears to London; but he paid little or no attention to my suspicions, and walked away with a glint in his eye of utter sarcasm; he was a man who knew no fear, and any uneasiness on the part of anyone nauseated him to the very deepest degree.

However, I found it impossible to sleep, and about midnight I went upon deck. And on placing my foot

For many days we rode the high seas of the
Great Pacific.



THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

upon the upper step of the companion-ladder, I was startled by a loud, humming noise of a most peculiar nature, and I was only a moment in determining it for what it was --- a gigantic hurricane.

In the next instant, a wilderness of foam hurled us upon our beam-ends, and, rushing over us fore and aft, swept the entire decks from stem to stern.

The extreme fury of the blast proved in a great measure, to be the salvation of the ship ; altho' completely water-logged, yet, as her masts had gone by the board, she rose, after a minute, heavily from the sea, and staggering awhile beneath the immense pressure of the tempest, finally righted. By what miracle I escaped destruction

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

it is impossible to say. Stunned by the shock of the water, I found myself, upon recovery, jammed in between the stern-post and rudder.

With great difficulty I managed to gain my feet, and looking dizzily around, was, at first, struck with the idea of our being among breakers; so terrific, even beyond the wildest imagination, was the whirlpool of foaming waters within which we were engulfed.

After a while, I heard the voice of London, I hallooed to him with all my strength, and presently he came reeling aft. We learned at once that three souls were all that had survived the catastrophe; --- London, Martini, and myself. The entire remainder of the party, had, from

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

all appearance, been swept into the sea. Without assistance we could expect to do little for the security of the ship, and our exertions were at first paralyzed by the momentary expectation of going down.

Our cable had, of course, parted like so much thread, at the very first breath of the storm; while the engine, such as it was, had never been in the running.

We scudded with frightful velocity before the sea, and the heavy waves beat against our sides in a series of horrifying thuds; the frame work of our stern was shattered excessively, and, in almost every respect, we had received considerable injury; but to our extreme joy we found the pumps unchoked, and that we had made no

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

great shifting of our ballast. The main fury of the blast had already blown over, and we apprehended little danger from the violence of the wind; but we looked forward to its total cessation with dismay; well believing, that, in our shattered condition we should inevitably perish in the tremendous swell which would ensue.

Yet, by some strange idiosyncrasy of fate, we were spared; but were tossed unmercifully about the face of the deep for many days and nights --- during which our only subsistence was a small quantity of jaggeree, procured with great difficulty from the fore-castle --- we tottered about the sea in a most miserable manner, and well conscious that we were in a seldom traveled part of the globe. Again

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

we were victims of a heavy blast, and it seemed as tho' the tempest had descended upon us with redoubled fury.

Late in the afternoon it was utterly impossible to stand up against the violence of the storm ; and as the shades of night closed upon us, I had not a shadow of hope that the vessel would hold together until morning.

By midnight we had settled very deep into the water, which was now up to the orlop deck. The rudder went soon afterward, the sea which tore it away lifting the after portion of the brig entirely from the water, against which she thumped in her descent with such a concussion as would be occasioned by going ashore. We had calculated that the rudder would

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

hold its own to the last as it was unusually strong, being cast in a solid piece, of the very firmest metal.

We had scarcely time to draw breath after the violence of this shock when one of the most tremendous waves I had then ever known, broke directly on board of us, sweeping the companion-way clear off, bursting in the hatchways, and filling every discernible quarter with water.

Luckily, just before midnight, all three of us had securely lashed ourselves to the remaining fragments of the windlass, lying as flat upon the deck as possible; and it was this precaution alone that saved us from destruction. As it was we were all more or less stunned by the immense weight of water which tumbled

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

upon us, and which did not roll from above us until we were nearly exhausted. As soon as I could recover breath, I called aloud to my companions. London alone replied, saying. "It appears to be all over with us, but let us strive to last as long as possible, then --- may God have mercy on our souls."

We glanced at each other as though it was for the last time, then quietly submitted ourselves to Fate's further lashings. The night was as dark as it possibly could be, and the horrible shrieking din and confusion which surrounded us it is useless to attempt describing.

Our deck lay level with the sea or rather we were encircled with a towering ridge of foam, a portion of

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

which swept over us every instant. Altho' we lay close together, no one of us could see the other, or indeed, any portion of the brig itself, upon which we were so tempestuously hurl'd about.

At intervals we called one to the other, thus endeavouring to keep alive hope, and render consolation and encouragement to such of us as stood most in need of it.

The feeble condition of Martini made him an object of solicitude with London and I, and we were in momentary expectation in finding that he had gone overboard --- yet, to render him aid was a thing altogether out of the question. Our situation was a frightful one, and after a long, long period the day broke, but only to make

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

visible the horrors which surrounded us. The *Snark* was a mere log, rolling about at the mercy of every wave ; but the gale was fastly decreasing, and in a short time the sea was a perfect calm.

Never before did I appreciate the blessed sunshine as now; and after some rather difficult reckoning, I managed to determine that we had been to sea just twenty seven days; after being out nineteen days we had crossed into the torrid zone ; we had been at the mercy of the storm for eight days, and as we had left the Bay of Frisco April twenty third, it was now, no doubt, the twentieth of

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

May. The entire body of water east of us was bathed in sunshine, while a mountain of fog hung oppressively low in the west ; but it too, was disappearing very rapidly.

We suffered mostly now from the terrible pangs of hunger. Whenever we looked forward to means of relief that would satisfy our thirst and hunger, our hearts sunk within us, and we were induced to regret that we had escaped the perils of the sea only to fall to a more terrible fate.

We endeavoured, however, to console ourselves with the hope of being speedily picked up by some vessel, and encouraged each other to bear

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

with fortitude the evils that might happen. London and Martini were stretched out upon their backs from utter fatigue, while I sat wearily watching the fog that was sliding swiftly away in the west.

The lifting of the fog was the lifting of my sorrow, and I shall never forget the ecstatic joy which thrilled through every particle of my frame when I perceived a large brig bearing down upon us, and not quite a mile away.

I was to my feet in an instant ; and, stretching out my arms in the direction of the vessel, stood in this manner, motionless, and unable to

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

articulate a syllable. My two companions were equally effected, only in different ways. Martini danced about the deck like a madman, uttering the most extravagant rhodomontades, intermingled with howls and imprecations ; while London bowed his head, opening and closing his hands like one about to receive the sentence of death.

The vessel in sight was a large antique affair of an old English build painted black, with a tawdry gilt figure-head.

She had evidently seen a great deal of rough weather, and, we supposed, had suffered much in the gale that had been so disastrous to ourselves ; for her fortomast was gone,

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

and some of her starboard bulwarks.

When we first saw her, she was as I have already said, less than a mile away to windward, bearing down upon us.

The breeze was very gentle, and what astonished us chiefly was, that she had no other sails set than her foresail and mainsail, with a flying jib --- ofcourse she came down but slowly, and our impatience amounted almost to phrenzy.

The awkward manner in which she steered, too, was remarked by the three of us, even excited as we were. She yawed about so much that once or twice we thought it impossible she

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

could see us, and discovering no person on board, she was about to tack and make off in another direction.

Upon each of these occasions we screamed and shouted at the top of our voices, when the stranger would appear to change for a moment her intention, and again would hold on toward us --- this singular conduct being repeated two or three times, so at last we derived at the conclusion that the helmsman was intoxicated.

We could discern no one upon her deck at no time; still, she neared and now ~~more~~ more steadily than before. She soon slid along-side and with unrestrained enthusiasm we leaped

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

aboard, and had little or no trouble in this feat as she was a low built wind-jammer of Malabar teak.

Shall I ever forget the triple horror that confronted us? There were thirteen human bodies, among whom were several females, lay scattered about the deck in miserable attitudes and we plainly saw that not a soul lived on that fated vessel! Yet we could not help turning to them for aid!

At all hazards our lives were spared and we at once busied ourselves in ramsacking about for food and drink but there was nothing of this nature to be found.

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

And we discovered, to our great surprise, that the ship had been in this deplorable condition for at least a *hundred years* !

To our deep sorrow we learned this, and it was both by the ship's log and other authentic records that impressed this fact upon us.

It seemed that about a century ago, it was the British convict ship --- Melborne;* which plied between England proper and her south-sea possessions.

A much aged note, clutched in the hand of what had been the last survivor, read as follows :

Oct. 8 1797

THIS SHIP WAS AT SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION FEB.
* 1916. UNDER ONE CAPTAIN SMYTHE. ED.

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

All on board are dead and I am dying, we are all prisoners save the five locked in the torture cell up in the steerage, who are officers and victims of this miserable mutiny ; we have become lost in an unknown part of the Antarctic circle. We have now been frozen up for a hundred and forty days and are starving.

Robert Casement.

Starving ! We stared about us helplessly, and staggering weakly to the companionway went below; the atmosphere was of iciness itself, and judging from the great ice cakes we found in the hold, what-with the extraordinary preservation of the dead, we were positive that the old brig

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

had but lately become freed from the grip of the frigid Antarctic ; the ice had not yet melted, and furnished us with abundance of drinking water, and this blessing was so great, that we could not help weeping for joy.

We drank heavily of the cool luscious water, and clambered back onto the deck, where we at once lay ourselves down into a deep and restful sleep.

When I awoke some time later I found that my companions were still resting in peaceful slumber ; finding myself alone, so to speak, my reflections ofcourse, were of a fearful and most gloomy nature. No prospect

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

offered itself to my view but a lingering death by famine, and the gnawing of hunger which I now experienced was nearly insupportable, and I felt myself capable of going to any lengths in order to appease it.

With my knife I cut away the upper of my shoes, and endeavored to eat them, but found it utterly impossible to swallow a solitary morsel, but I found some little satisfaction in chewing the leather and then spitting it out.

On comparing the dead with the book of consignment, which I found in the pocket of the deceased captain it was but an easy matter to identify

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

all that were aboard. One of the prisoners proved to be a rather interesting personage; from all indications his name appeared to be Bernart Shaw and it seemed that he was sent over for life, charged with conducting a radical journal through which he was found guilty of high treason.

His was a Satonic appearance, and across his lap lay a bread-board into which he had carved a most peculiar verse, as appears :

Hurrah ! hurrah, for the foaming flood
Of the fiery Phlegethon,
A demon bride,
And devilish bridegroom side by side

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

Are sailing this vessel upon ;
He is an imp of the very best blood
And she is a devil of Ton.
This brig is the shattered fragments of
A lost ship long ago
In a fanthomless bay
For a cycle of years it rotting lay
So the devil's employed it now.

The braggadocio manner of the man instilled me with renewed courage and I resolved to live at any cost. When my companions awoke we busied ourselves in casting all the ancient stiffs into the sea ; one ghastly old hag of an amazon, was the ugliest mortal I had ever beheld,

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

her name, according to the ship's register, was Amy Parkhurst; she was charged with murder-thru-birth-control, and with circulating vicious literature.

We heaved her repulsive carcass into the sea at once; and it was but a few moments until we had ridden all decks of the dead. Except of course, the five that had perished up in the steerage.

With an ax we chopped our way into the small, barbarous compartment, the walls and ceilings still hung with hosts of icicles, and the corpses, though lifeless a hundred years, were in a wonderful state of preservation.

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

London turned suddenly toward me with an expression that sent a shudder through my frame ; there was about him an air of self possession which I had not noticed in him untill now, and before he opened his lips my heart told me what he would say.

He proposed, in a few words, that the men lying in death should serve us as sustenance. My mind rapidly ran over a thousand absurd projects by which to avoid becoming a partner in the awful speculation.

I thought of falling on my knees to my companions, and entreating them to entertain other views; or of suddenly rushing to the ship's side and

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

plunging into the sea ; to my mind there was nothing more horrible than cannibalism, but I was soon brought to my senses by the voice of Martini, who assured me that they both felt no doubt, as I myself, but something *had* to be done.

We then determined to carry out our frightful undertaking with as least concern as we could possibly assume; though we found ways of cooking the meat well, I will not dwell upon the fearful repast which immediately ensued.

Such things may be imagined, but words have no power to impress the mind with the exquisite horror of their

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

reality. Let suffice that we lived heartily upon this ungodly diet for twenty seven days ; the expiration of which time we landed in the Port of San Francisco.



INNES CLARQUE



It may not occur to you that I am a dead man ; am, and have been for many years. Ofcourse, at the time of this writing I was quite alive ; but why linger over the vaporous detail of a hazy past ; by this time, no doubt, my body will have returned to its original ashes, while my soul may, at this very moment, be standing at your side. Perhaps you would be pleased to know that this paper was indited in a dank and musty tomb, that crumbles

INNES CLARQUE

on the Hill of Sere, and lies in the center of the cemetery Pere la Chase.

.....

On the entry of the opposing forces into Paris, a beautiful young lady arrived at the Hotel Delorme, she was without any attendant ---could scarcely speak a word of French, and appeared to be suffering with a severe attack of mental agitation.

From her singular appearance and being alone, some delicacy was felt in receiving her. It was later learned that she was in Paris in an effort to locate her betrothed, who was a young officer of some renown; but from whom she received no tidings since the beginning of the war.

INNES CLARQUE

The young officer in question was none other than myself, but while the fair Innes Clarque (for such was her name) was in search of me in Paris I, unfortunately, was stationed on the frontier to the east.

It seemed that my lovely Innes had fallen in with an elderly lady, who listened with kindness to her story and promised her every assistance within her power; and the two of them concentrated every possible effort to gather in whatever clue there was, that had any bearing upon myself.

All this I learned later from a young soldier of the 12th. Hussars.

And it was on a beautiful morning in May that the two ladies sallied forth

into the great high-ways and by-ways of Paris. Those who have never beheld a metropolis in the hands of a triumphant enemy, can conjecture nothing so sinularly exciting and picturesque. Never was the strength and brilliancy of war more goreously displayed, than when the Parisian capital was in the hands of the teutons.

Warriors of every nation wers assembled there, the bold and ferocious cossack, the hardy and blustering American, the warlike Austrian, the artistic Italian, and the crass double-fisted German, in fact, subjects of all nations were promiscuously scattered throughout the city; while the captors gaurded with lynx-eyed vigilance, lest

the ever stratgetic French might disavow their abdication, and by some sudden ruse, again bid defiance to their conquerors.

The two females passed through crowds of men of every type and description, when suddenly the young lady caught sight of one of my old comrads and demanded of him what ever information he may possess, the villian had followed my direction to the letter, and told the fair creature that I had perished in the battle of Saint Jean. This lie, I figured, would save me from being forced by the law into marriage. On hearing this a wild piercing laugh burst from her bosom, and she turned and fled; --- fled from

INNES CLARQUE

them never to return. It was but three days later to this occurrence that I returned from the front, and by some peculiar freak of chance I met the young soldier of the 12th. almost immediately.

He informed me in a very few words of the terrible condition of my beloved Innes. My conscience smote me for I knew she was,--- or soon would be a mother, I resolved to be a man upon the spot, and at once set out in search for the one I had so sinfully wronged.

It was late in the afternoon that I finally located her at the Hotel Fabor I was too late, for she had passed away,

and I shall never forget the sorrow, that at that moment, took complete possession of my soul. Reluctantly, and with a heart of lead I approached the bed-chamber of the departed; the room was large, and very dark, and at every step within its gloomy precincts I encountered the paraphernalia of the grave.

The coffin, so a menial told me, lay surrounded by the purple curtains just before my eyes, and in that coffin, he whisperingly assured me, was all that remained of my blessed Innes.

Who was it that asked if I desired to view the corpse? I had seen the lips of no one move, yet the question had been demanded, and the

syllables still lingered in the room. It was impossible to refuse, and with a sense of suffocation I dragged myself to the side of the bed.

Gently I uplifted the sable draperies of the curtains; as I let them fall they descended upon my shoulders, and shutting me thus out from the living, enclosed me in the strictest communion with the dead.

The very atmosphere was redolent of death; the peculiar smell of the coffin sickened me, and I fancied that a deleterious odor was exhaling from the body. I would have given worlds to escape --- to fly from the pernicious influence of mortality, and breathe once again the pure air of the heavens; but

I did not have the power to move, and there I stood, gazing upon the frightful length of the rigid body as it lay before me in the lidless coffin.

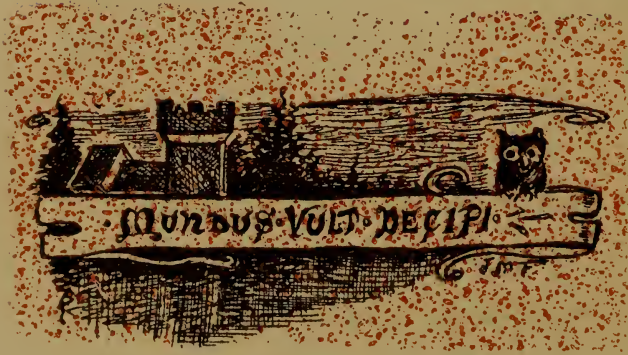
Did my brain reel ? or had she really turned her eyes toward me ! I did not remain to ascertain the authenticity of my suspicions, but sprang convulsively from her side, and, uttering no word, rushed forth a maniac from that apartment of triple horror, mystery and death.

Long years have since rolled away, and in the tomb of my beloved deceased I have spent the greater part of my time; the unmanliness of my early youth has, as you see, caused the death of one of the loveliest ladies

INNES CLARQUE

in the land, as well as bringing upon myself a life time full of grief.

As I said at the very begining; I am inditing these lines in a dank and musty tomb (the tomb of the angelic Innes) that crumbles on the Hill of Sere, in the center of the cemetery Pere la Chase.



THE GENIUS

DU FORT VICTIME IN FORTUNEE
PARTOUS PAYS JE SUIS ERRENT,
ET L'HORREUR DE MA DESTINEE,
SEMBLE'S ACCROITRE A CHAQUE INSTANT;
PAUVRE EMIGRANT, PAUVRE EMIGRANT.

It goes without saying that my name is Jazz Merrazz and upon the utterance of my euphonious appellation the whole world is touched with an inspiring tingle of pride, and I want it understood from the very beginning that my genius is inimitable.

The mephistophelian touch of philosophic philanthropy I have put to my principles and practices, has, if I am not mistaken, put a quietus upon religion and a feather in the conspicuous cap of Old John Science.

THE GENIUS

Profoundness of thought and observation has often been imputed to me as a crime; while the Pyrrhonism of my opinions has, at all times rendered me notorious.

Truth, to my notion, is superficial, and, instead of being the depths where we seek her, is far more apt to be on the surface before our very eyes.

But when we *do* get a fact before our vision we will not be as able to perceive and comprehend it nearly as well, or with as much precision, should we gaze upon it with earnest, direct, and undeviating attention, as when we suffer our eye to glance in its vicinity alone. I was not, in my early youth, aware that this apparent

THE GENIUS

paradox was occasioned by the center of the visual mental area which is less susceptible of tangible impressions of confronting-facts than the exterior instinctive senses.

This method of reasoning and viewing psychological problems is infallible, and it is with some avaricious hesitancy that I now make it public.

It was on leaving college that I began to look around for a channel large enough to convey my store of knowledge into the thirsty desert of human ignorance.

My first idea was to call the world into one big meeting and thus enlighten all the people of the earth at one and the same time. But this was not

THE GENIUS

feasible. I would have liked to proclaimed my fund of truths from the house-tops; but the picture of my self in such a position was fierce; as I might be mistaken for some big double-breasted Scissor build stringing up a string of telephone wires.

My next idea was to write a poem --- a *poem*!! Good God, what *was* I thinking of. Ah, but I was going to put out a verse that would crush error, and sweep darkness from the earth by mighty strokes of the pen.

Yet, it is not everyone that reads poetry; many do not believe what they do read; besides, the very form of verse steals from strength as much as it adds to grace; and to expect a philosopher

THE GENIUS

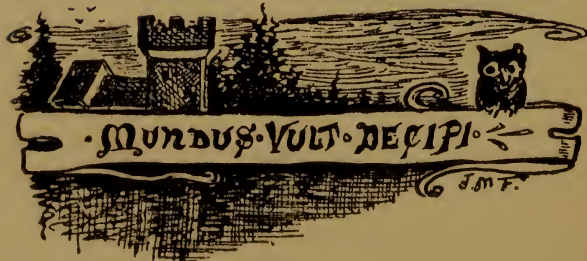
to display the whole scope and power of his philosophy in a metrical composition, would be equivalent to expect a giant to display his full strength in the slight step of the waltz. With this glaring discouragement in my path, I shifted my views, and resolved to become an editor. The multifariousness of the subjects treated of in Journals was alluring.

Again, I got it nix-com-fluke ! and *again* I was forced to seek other channels. There wasn't a publisher from Hearst up, that would trust their fate to my genius; and at last I was driven to despair and perversion. And the klepto-plagiaria with which I was so profusly blessed, began to assert it-

THE GENIUS

self, and I became so cankerous that I at once began to write stinging articles free of gratis for the "Daily Ego Supremo," articles that played sarcastically about the word Justice, just like lightning plays about a ruin, showing the hallowness of that which only darkness makes appear impregnably formidable.

Therefore, I have resoled to write and re-write, first on this, and then on that; that is, ofcourse, --- if my pen is *laissez faire*.



THE CASE OF JAMES GAFFEEN

A TERM UNKNOWN TO A PEDANTIC BRAIN
AND UNKNOWN TO PHILOSOPHY'S ART;
MATHEMATICAL SKILL CAN NO KNOWLEDGE
OBTAIN

IN THE INTRICATE WAYS OF THE HEART.

CHARLES DANA GIBSEN

Philosophy, as we know, is but an artistic arrangement of consoling thoughts, still, all things are phased more or less, by its persistent creeping in, upon our mental and reasoning powers.

What ever were the philosophic views of James Gaffeen is a matter of little or no moment, nor was his religion to be found either here nor there.

THE CASE OF JAMES GAFFEEN

His career, however, interested me deeply, and I whiled away many (otherwise monotonous) hours pondering over his peculiar case; you may well call my interest, morbid curiosity, but as vice is always rated as a virtue, by its possessor, I feel that I am justified in stating that I have been marvelously blessed with a turn of mind that takes the greatest delight in the weirdest, and most morbid melancholia attainable.

Now the prison at Waxholm is a dreary building, and stands in a most dejected manner on the soggy side of an ancient hill, while its classic lineaments gigantically loom above the imm-

THE CASE OF JAMES GAFFEEN

ediate surrounding. It was at this house of durance vile, that, by pretending to be an inmate, I managed to live in close communion , with the outlaw, James Gaffeen.

"It is a sad thing," said he one day as we were sitting tailor fashion upon the massive stones that made our floor. "It is a sad thing, that a man, even for a moment, be forcibly torn from the side of one whom he loves, but ; just *such* a case is mine; I admit, however, that I have lived a little outside the strict and narrow limits of the law, still, I have had the remarkable success in winning the love and undivided affection of our beautiful young Queen ; ---listen!" he said, warming up to his

THE CASE OF JAMES GAFFEEN

subject. "The Queen of this very country is my affinity ; I first met her in the woods of Narni, she had, thru' some freak of chance, become separated from her companions, and it was upon this specific occasion that I met her for the first time.

"I was not aware that the beautiful creature before me was the Queen of my country ; so I rode roughly up to her and dismounted. She appeared to be very brave, and regarded me for some time in utter silence, but at length, as she was about to whip up her horse I threw my arms about her waist and lifted her to the ground; much to my surprise, she uttered no cry of alarm, but submitted herself

THE CASE OF JAMES GAFFEEN

to my embraces; --- she came to visit me many times, and was, understand, all to me that woman can be to man.

But one day, an armed guard surrounded my cabin, and it happened that the lady of my heart was about to make her departure after paying me a short visit that this occurrence took place. It was then that I learned the identity of my local mistress; ---ofcourse she made a pretence in the aid of my capture, but knowing that she acted thus wise to protect her honor I held my tongue. At all hazards," he continued "the Queen's love is the key to my liberty;---why man !" he added "there is absolutely nothing as unshakable as woman's love, and my instinct-

THE CASE OF JAMES GAFFEEN

ive faith in her undying affection can never be shattered."

At this juncture the jailor strode heavily down the tier, and stopped abruptly at our door.

"Gaffeen!" said he "The Queen's will must be done, and the executioner awaits you."



THE LITERARY GIANT



"IN THE NAME OF JEHOVA --- RAGS II"

CRY OF THE JEW

With me, cheap notoriety has not been a purpose, but a passion; it is the ruling propensity of my psychology and *must* be attained --- for financial compensations, or the lofty commendations of mankind I care but little, and, as the world is in great need of just such

THE LITERARY GIANT

a man as myself, I can see no plausible reason why I should not cast my pearls before the entire swine of the universe.

No doubt, all the dunderheads of today are aware of the great consequence that lies in a name. American Suffragettes knew this, and called the men all the *names* they could think of.

Should an individual so desire, he could mold his personality into any change of character he saw fit, simply by the assumption of any name that strikes his fancy. My ancestors, as you are no doubt aware, were the Eskimos of Angmagsalik, and who affirm that a man consists but of three parts, the body, the soul, and the name.

THE LITERARY GIANT

The last enters the child at the age of puberty; take me for instance, I'm *all* name, while my soul [whatever that is] and body [we know what that is] are mere bagatells, floating on the wind of the world's contempt.

My own name for instance, which rolls in oral euphony beyond the conceptions of mere man and which causes all the cabaret entertainers of the celestial regions to weep with envy, renders me mind you, --- not a man, nor a monkey (not so sure of the latter) nor a soul; --- whatever that is; but a name! That it is Marco Popperelli, you know by instinct; for it often appears accross the great heavens lined out by all the satellites of kingdom-

THE LITERARY GIANT

Come, extending from the ultimate dim thule, to Ediolon's club-house on the Styx; thus, proving beyond a doubt that *malgre nous*, a name is *quelque chose* after all.

I have thought proper to premise thus much, to enable you to appreciate the way I have *de nier ce que est, et d'exqlipuer ce pui n'est pas*. It may please your fancy to learn the method of procedure that brought me fame---simple. It was thus wise: taking pen in hand I wrote to the Daly-Liyer as follows:

Editor, Dear Sir:-

What information have you concerning the young author, Marco Popperelli? Has he not recently

THE LITERARY GIANT

issued a volume of his later works, and if so, under what title? His earlier work promised a brilliant future.

His poems were palpably the precursors of a finished and pleasing style. Their distinguishing attraction lies in the almost unparalleled flow and facility of the versification. A harmony pervades the whole, a perfect modulation of numbers seldom surpassed and not very often equalled in composition of this class.

I understand that Marco Popperelli resides at Bentley and is contemplating a trip abroad, is this true? Any information concerning his latest work will greatly oblige,

J.M.F.

This letter of self inquiry succeeded wonderfully; the editor bit, and I awoke on the following morning to find myself famous. Thus encouraged, I at once penned another to Hillenbrand's *Sciolist*, a page *very* popular 'mong the scissor-builds of the middle west; it ran :

"Hillenbrand's *Sciolist*,"
Editor, Dear Sir:-

Please inform me through your column as to some of the earlier poems and minor verses of Marco Popperelli, whose recently published volume of poems are now on sale all over the world. The finished character of these poems has led me to make a study, both of them and of the author,

and for this reason I wish to have his former productions before me. I am sure they must have presaged the present acknowledged transcendence of Popperelli. In "The Coquet" he deals with passion, humor, and sarcasm; he has emerged from abstract and pure dissertation; he renders morality visible and truth expressive; he gives his ideas an attractive physiognomy. In short, he is a fine writer, perfected evidently, by a knowledge of the fine arts. By experience with the world and study of style, by continuous and delicate study of all that is worthy in things and men, in life and art. It has been stated that Popperelli resides at Bentley, but this is an error. He frequently visits a friend of his

there though, that conducts a blind-pig in the rear of a tonsorial *toilette parler*; but his real home is at the foot of the town sewer in Frisco. He is said to be contemplating a pleasure trip to Yenhawk Alley, Boston. A little of your valuable space devoted to this subject will greatly edify. *J.m.f.*

My method of procuring notice, was, as you see, a strategy quirk of the highest order. I felt a devilish thrill of pleasure over my situation, much like an old maid that is about to be attacked by a ruffian; in a word, I was elated. And am I not right when I say man is but name, soul and body? The body, material; name immortal; and the *soul*, ha! ha! ha!

METEORIC GENIUSES

IF HE THAT WRITES SHOULD E'ER BE SLAIN,
WE FIND THAT HE'LL NE'ER WRITE AGAIN.

In the begining, whenever that was, there loomed above the literary horizon a clan of puerile poets that originated, no doubt, during the days when Ned in-the-first-reader was a constituent of the literati. It seems that these brilliants have extended thru' all the ages, and even now, one can hardly pick up a sheet of current literature without confronting a mess of this mawkish muddle. They are usually signed by self styled Meteoric Geniuses --- we

METEORIC GENIUSES

have but to bear in mind, that a meteor of any considerable brightness is always closely pursued by a comet (an editor) with fiery wings and murderous intentions. In one hand the comet carries a pair of scissors, in the other a club. Often times a blue pencil is tucked maliciously above one ear; it is well to note the position of the scissors, for should the comet wear them in his waist coat pocket, he is not an editor, but a clerk in a dry-goods store and represents nothing.

True genius is always hated by the majority of the editors, and if one wishes to be successful in literature, he must be stupid, pedantic, white-cravatted and hypocritical. A thorough

dunderhead is often a success with an editor, where all others fail.

We all are familiar with the poet that hails from the Slum-Gush school, they are a worthy lot of "Whitcombe-Longfellows" that beg for recognition by filling children's magazines with those playfully simple, charming yet wonderfully moral Christmas copy; distinguishingly prefaced as a "feast of good things from the always readable pen of the delightful purveyors of innocent juvenile instruction and amusement." A run of this gaff appears below :

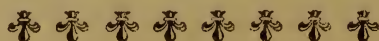
I know a little maid her eyes are very blue.
Her lips are very red; but what is that to you?
Her name now is Maud? ah, no-um! no; oh well
Perhaps if I did know, perhaps I would'nt tell.

Knowing that the juvenile mind
surfeits rapidly, they generally make
a radical change in their type-face and
follow up thus :

You see, we're lovers true,
And there's a saying = well
That certain, certain things
A swain must never tell.

Then :

But swains may sing their love,
So sing I: "Tra, la, la"
I love my pretty lass,
For I'm her dear papa !!!



The exclamation points attached
are, no doubt, to let you know at once
that it is a surprise poem; whereupon,

METEORIC GENIUSES

you are supposed to evince your surprise, and lay commendation upon commendation on the meritoriousness of the inimitable construction, praising at the same time, the bland sweetness so cleverly rendered through the soul of the whole by these candy-coated sciolists. But the sooner a damper is put upon their Thingom Bob activities just that much sooner will we be freed from their ninnyfied twattle.



THE MUNDIST

O, SILENCE! O BONHUEUR! INEFFABLE MYSTERE!
ENIVRANTE LANGUER!
J'ECOUTE!... ET JE COMPRENDS CETTE VOIR SOLIT-
AIRE.
QUICHATE DANS MON COEUR!

Phantom Opera.

As to the possibility of modifying the human self, is within the imagination of man, but decidedly beyond his comprehension; still, the wide spread belief in metamorphosis seems to yield emphatic affirmation and is too deep-seated to be utterly repudiated.

THE MUNDIST

The phenomena of religious conversion, of double personality, of hypnotic suggestion, or of normal and educational experiences indicate that it may still retain a valid place in our thinking.

Could we once peer into that dim valley --- the subconscious self, we might well be startled at the undreamed of possibilities of transformation and metamorphosis.

But, if one was capable of peering into the dim and distant past he would, beyond all doubt, be able to get a line on his future by simply garnering up facts in the shifting variations of progressing evolution. It is a sad thing that my old friend Roger Casement could

not see, either into the distant past or even the immediate future.

It is with a feeling of deep, yet most singular friendliness I regarded Sir Roger. Thrown into his company many years ago, I at once became attracted by the oppositeness of his nature to my own; his erudition was profound; his power of mind was gigantic, while his talents were hued and polished to the last point of capillary fineness.

I felt this, and in many matters became his pupil; however, he was very poor and seemed to suffer more from this malediction than any other misfortune, and though my wealth was all a man could wish for,

THE MUNDIST

the two of us were like brothers, and would often spend hour after hour pondering over some social or economic problem, and there were times too, that we spent an entire night debating over topics of this nature.

Sir Roger Casement soon permitted his principals to become perverted and, at length, he became so violently persistent in his direct action and other radical theories that I found it necessary to avoid his companionship.

Several years slid by, during which I neither saw nor heard anything of my old colleague; but one beautiful June day, I was passing on horseback through the ancient borough of Pentonville. It was a bright, beautiful

THE MUNDIST

day; and nature seemed to be bursting forth with renewed vigor and enthusiasm. On the right, the Ochil mountains reared their lofty heads into purple heights of haze, while to the left, ranged the Cheviots.

In the center of the scene gleamed the serpentine windings of the Forth, and above all on its mountain summit rose the castle of Edengrove:

'LIKE SOME OLD VETERAN GREY IN ARMS
AND ROUGH WITH MANY A SEAMY SCAR'

As I entered the principal street all was solemn silence, no bustle nor turmoil of the natural attendants of society were to be seen or heard --- it seemed as though the angel of pestilence had suddenly cast his mantle

THE MUNDIST

over the earth. The routine of every day life was quite forgotten --- in a broad central highway, groups of citizens stood in gaping wonder, upon every countenance was an expression of fear, and if they moved, it seemed as though they were heavily depressed by some ungodly terror.

I was amazed, and a melancholy gloom pervaded my spirit; a sense of insufferable ennui slowly spread over my soul. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me with an utter depression

THE MUNDIST

which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the feelings of one that walks a lonesome road under a strain of self imposed horror.

There was an iciness, a sinking and sickening of heart --- an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime; for the life of me, could I thoroughly account for certain peculiar misgivings and with great reluctance --- rode forward.

Just above the heads of the crowd stood a black solitary scaffold ; while from a huge transverse beam hung an ominous rope. I dismounted and stood almost breathless; cold drops

THE MUNDIST

gathered upon my brow; solemnly but forcibly, a deep heavy stroke of a bell broke dismally upon the air; I stood in sightless study for some time, when again the gigantic tone rolled forth, my heart beat in a most peculiar manner; and the fierce blast of a bugle set my nerves completely upon edge.

Came the sound of clattering horse's hoofs, and down a narrow tree-shaded street proceeded a line of cavalry with drawn sabres glittering in the sunshine. The crowd mechanically gave way --- in the rear loomed a dark and gloomy building, the jail of Pentonville; Father McCarroll was talking in a most earnest manner with

THE MUNDIST

the prospective victim of the noose whom I could not see, and as they were mounting the scaffold a mob of voices arose :

"Down with the Mundists, string 'em up ! let 'em dangle, the numskulls let 'em d a n g l e !"

"Mundists? what do they mean, Mundists?" I ejaculated.

"That is what they term themselves Sir," said an elderly man at my side
"But they are a bunch of patriotic fools, they currupt the word mundane, and are a rascally bunch of agitators, they've caught the ringleader red-handed, --- that's him just going up."

THE MUNDIST

I was somewhat surprised to recognize the victim as my old companion,
--- Sir Roger Casement.



THE MENTAL WRECK

"I CAN'T EAT, AND I WON'T LAUGH."

Madamn Pankurst.

The life of a snappy tale is about three seconds; --- I remember once of picking up a volume of "Red Ruin" the begining started thus : "In my youth I was not much of a lady's man, and I was almost twenty five before I discovered that women had soft, supple legs beneath their dresses..."* I stopped; and re-read the astonishing lines, the first time they thrilled me to the soul, but when I attempted a second perusal they turned to ashes before my very gaze.

THE "BOOKMAN" AUGUST 16. LINES AL-
*MOST IDENTICAL TO THESE, APPEARED, ---ED.

THE MENTAL WRECK

A man of the world that shatters his nerve-centers by reading such electified gaff is a fool. The fact is, this sort of literature is perpetrated for the eyes of young ladies, and it is generally that young ladies read them.

In order to shake off whatever effect the blazing lines may have upon my soul, I at once commingled with a mob of Politicians that were gathered about the Civic Center.

Jim Rolfe the immortal mayor of Frisco and I, were friends from early youth, and whenever in the presence of this prepossessed, big spirited personage I was strangely conscious of a certain purification of the soul. The Mayor introduced me to his opponent,

THE MENTAL WRECK

who was, if I remember rightly a square headed teutonic running on the socialist ticket.

The personality of this hyphenated american was of a most extraordinary character, the idiosyncrasies that were ungodly conspicuous in his mannerisms were shocking, and his whole being was strongly suggestive of abject commiseration.

He would often come up and say "Who's the next mayor?" and then he'd duck as though somebody was going to hit him. "Philosophizing?" he'd say, and make a face like a sick baby. "Ought'nt philosophize on Sunday" --- then he'd screw up his mug to look shocked --- "awfully wicked"

THE MENTAL WRECK

and then he'd twist down the right corner of his mouth, and try to wink with his left eye.

He could never articulate without pulling a facial stunt of some sort, in a word, the man when talking, constantly kept in one's imagination, the picture of the distempered cat which died while trying to masticate a pot of glue.

One afternoon, just before election this bewhiskered plug-ugly was standing on the head and shoulders of Mc Allister's statue howling like the soap box orator that he was.

"Laydies and jaintulmain," he started, but I let him get no farther

"Hello!" says I, breaking in "epil-

THE MENTAL WRECK

epsey !"

"Eh?" murmured the physiognomatic acrobat.

"Epilepsy," says I, "you've got it"

"Nonsense!" he snapped, turning a trifle pale; "I have'nt a particle of it in my system."

"Oh," says I, "I beg your pardon; but as an official psychologist of criminology, I could have sworn to the incontrollable characteristics that predominate the facial-vitiaë."

He was slightly disconcerted, but after some nervous hesitancy, managed to screw his face around in a renewed effort.

"Hold on!" I broke in again, "I was wrong. St. vitus dance, or I'm a hood!"

THE MENTAL WRECK

"What do you mean, Sir?" he weakly fired back, trying to appear indignant.

"Mean!" I exclaimed "Why, man you are a *total mental wreck*, why, say even now, at this very moment you are so far gone,"

The poor fellow began to pale, and tremble in a most violent manner, he clutched frantically at the air, mumbled something about "I die for my cause --- pearls before swine, etc, etc. etc."

Then drawing from his pocket a volume of "Red Ruin," read a passage or so, and forthwith fell into the street, a dead but better man.

MURGEON

VIN OU BIÈRE
BIN OU VIN
QUE MON VERRE
SOIT PLEIN !

"Dead men tell no tales."

BLOODY MARY

My baptismal name is Murgeon;
that of my family I will not mention.
Yet there is no ancestral-race in the
land more stable and time-honored
than my eccentric but respected fore-
fathers. But the individuality of man
renders him relationless, and the so-

called kin of one, is, after all, of but little, or no consequence.

The miseries of life are far reaching, and often extend far into the houses of wealth and the mansions of mirth; but as, in ethics, evil is a consequence of good, so, in fact, out of joy is sorrow born. Our anguish of today can often be traced to ecstasies of the past.

The recollections of my earliest years are connected with many unmentionable experiences, experiences that shall ne'er be told, or if told, their very character would only stimulate disbelief.

Death, ofcourse, is inevitable and makes a complete change in the lives of us all. It is mere idleness to say

MURGEON

that we have not lived on earth before
--- that the soul has had no previous
existence.

We will not argue ; convinced myself I seek not to convince others; my last previous embodiment was spent chiefly about the New England States nearly a hundred years ago, and to my mind, the tales that I then wrote and that are still upon the book mart, prove the absoluteness of my contentions.

Several years back, as the shades of evening were drawing on, I sat in a large bay window of a prominent hotel in San Fransico. The streets were very crowded, and I mused for some time over the passing turmoil.

But, as the darkness came on, the throng momentarily increased ; and, by the time the lamps were well lighted, two dense and continuous tides of population were rushing past the door.

At this particular period of the evening I had never before been in a similar situation, and the tumultuous sea of human heads filled me, with a delicious novelty of emotion.

I gave up, at length, all care of things within the hotel, and became absorbed in contemplation of the scene without. At first, my observations took on an abstract and generalizing turn. I looked at the passengers in masses, and thought of them in their

aggregate relations. Soon, however, I descended to details, and regarded with minute interest the innumerable varieties of figure, dress, gait, visage, and expression of countenance.

By far the greater number of those who went by had a satisfied business like demeanor, and seemed to be thinking only of making their way thru' the throng. Their brows were knit, and their eyes rolled quickly; when pushed against by fellow way-farers they evinced no symptom of impatience, but adjusted their clothes and hurried on.

Others, still a numerous class, were restless in their movements, had flushed faces, and talked and gesticulated to

themselves, as if feeling in solitude on account of the company around.

I took little or no interest in the commonplace characters that were hurrying by, such as clerks, nabobs, and harmless mootchers.

The crowd was thoroughly infested with crooks --- crooks that managed to get by witless detectives by grace of assumed excessive frankness, while poetic dreamers loitered along mysteriously, --- their very intelligence and superior mannerisms making them suspicious to the coarser and less thinking person.

The wierd effects of the greenish street lights rendered the faces rather wild and fantastic, and I could frequen-

tly read, even in a brief glance, the history of long years.

With my brow to the glass, I was thus occupied in scrutinizing the mob, when suddenly there came to my view a very haggard and disipated countenance; the features, however, were of wonderful outline and the character of the face was of no common order, and as a subject for a painting, this old man stuck me as a model not easily to be equalled.

It was through painting this type of man that had gained me the distinguished title : *Peinter de Fanticies*. As he began to become swallowed up by the crowd, there came a craving desire to keep him in view --- to know

MURGEON

more of him. I hurriedly left the hotel and bolted recklessly in pursuit, with some little difficulty I at length came within sight of him, and after a short endeavor, managed to solicit him in conversation.

Though of the roguish type he still was endowed with much of the sublime, he was a richly dressed old man and I felt some reluctance in suggesting that he pose as a model.

"*Me pose!*" he echoed, when I finally took the courage to make the suggestion. He halted our walk and laid his hands upon my shoulders. "Why, my dear young man," said he "I myself am a painter, and a decade ago was world-renowned as the Artist

of the Weird, my name has extended over all the earth, and the people of many countries grieved over my supposed death some ten years passed."

"Your name?" I asked.

"For a half a century," he went on, ignoring my question. "Yes, over half a century, *my* name stood foremost in the world of art."

"But what *is* your name?" I asked impatiently, for I had been named after an artist, presumably the most famous, thirty years ago.

"My name is Murgeon" said he, smiling with the confidence the popularity of the celebrated name insured.

"I am your name-sake," I exclaimed
"And my delight in meeting you is

unbounded." Our surprise and congratulations remained unrequited for some time.

Finally he turned upon me rather abruptly, and solicited me in what I thought an urgent manner, to call upon him the following morning "In fact" he added, "I am a very early riser and I will count on an early call." He pressed his card in my hand hurried away.

Shortly after sunrise the following morning, I found myself accordingly at his Palazzo. The entire place was fairly alive with magnificence. The room was still brilliantly lighted; I judge from this circumstance, as well as from an air of exhaustion in the

countenance of my friend, that he had not retired to bed during the whole of the preceeding night.

In the architecture and embellishments of the chamber, the evident designs were to dazzle and astound. Little attention had been paid to the *decora* of what is technically called *keeping*, or to the proprieties of nationality. The eye wandered from object, to object, and rested upon none --- neither the *grotesques* of the Greek painters, nor the sculptures of the best Italian days, nor the huge carvings of untutored Egypt.

Rich draperies in every part of the room trembled to the vibrations of low, melancholy music. The senses

A DARK, DIMLY, AND GLOOMY STUDIO WAS BOTH A RETREAT AND A HAVEN.



were oppressed by mingled and conflicting perfumes, reeking up from strange convolute censers, together with multitudinous flaring and flickering tongues of violet fire.

The rays of the newly risen sun poured in upon the whole, through windows formed each of a single pane of brilliant tinted glass.

Glancing to and fro, in a thousand reflections, from curtains which rolled from their cornices like cataracts of molten silver, the beams of natural glory mingled at length fitfully with the artificial light, and lay weltering in subdued masses upon a carpet of rich, liquid-looking cloth of Chili gold.

"I see" said he, perceiving that I could not immediately reconcile myself to the *bienseance* of so singular a welcome --- "I see you are astonished at my apartment --- at my statues --- my originality of conception in architecture and upholstery --- absolutely dumbfounded, eh? with my magnificence. Ten years ago my uncle, a man of untold wealth, died and left me disastrously well off, and strange as it may seem, he was but five years my senior and in appearance, he was almost my double; so one day I invited him to my studio and murdered him ! I disguised him in my clothing and forthwith drew up a note indicating suicide ; hence, the report of my

death. He had, for years lived alone in this mansion, and my successorship here was never discovered.

"The brilliant luxuries, and ill gotten gains I have thus attained are but taunts to my blighted soul. I know positive, that poverty is the mother of all art and happiness; and in my *best* days, a dark, dismal and gloomy studio was both a retreat and a haven. But here in this damnable paradise" he continued, with a shrug of disgust "I have lived in perpetual discomfort and you are the only living being that has been admitted into these gorgeous, but ill aquired apartments." I bowed weakly in acknowledgment to his statements, and he continued.

MURGEON

"Come" he said abruptly, "I am to pose, pose as mortal man has never before!" And vaulting into the center of the room he drew forth an ugly blade, with a sweep quicker than the eye he brought the keen edge violently across his throat, which went in so swiftly and deep, that it bit mightily into the bone after passing entirely through the neck. Leaving upon my memory, one of the most ghastly pictures I had ever seen.



LODBROGG THE HALF WIT

PRES DE CELUIQUE J'AIME
JE VEUX VIVRE ET MOURIR
ET LA MORT, ELLE ---MEME,
NE PEUT NOUS DESUNIR.

If you cant praise me, knock me, but under no
circumstance forget me. ---TEDDY.

My name is Lucas Lodbrogg, of
this I am quite certain, but my nom
de plume, as you may be elated to
learn, is Lodbrogg the Half-Wit; that
I have great *savoir vivre* you will see
at once; and I am sure there is no other
being who has had the honor of such
title as mine, it infers that I possess, at
least, half the wit in the entire world.

I have often been alluded to as the modern Shakespeare, but this is a rank injustice to me; not so much that he was an utter fool, but that I, myself am his superior.

It is absolutely absurd for me to ever even think of failing in this life, even for a moment --- *c'est a dire, an pis aller, coute qu, il coute* I will corner fame.

Now, I have been one of the foremost writers of the twentieth century, and you can, no doubt, imagine my vexation and surprise when I read an adverse criticism in the "Bookmen."

It was a propos my article which appeared in the *Plagair th' Main*; and in order to get my transcendental ef-

LODBROGG THE HALF WIT

fusions before the eyes of a few more readers, I herewith set forth in print my article, together with their dastardly abuse :

ADVICE TO THE GOVERNMENT

by

LODBROGG THE HALF WIT

As a war is now imminent between the U.S. and Germany, I hasten to tell our government, by grace of the generosity with which I am so profusely endowed, how to beat the enemy in a cheap and bloodless war. It should be carried about thus wise:

Keep perfectly cool and quiet; let our ships do the only thing they can --- run away. And, as we have no torpedos or other defensive organs in

our harbors anyway; let some prominent German-Americans pretend to be spies, and have them notify the german fleet that they can easily land now as the americans have surrendered

When the complete german army lands, give each and every soldier a hundred and eighty acres; --- this is, as any dunderhead can grasp at once, an infallible method of procedure.

In due time I shall apply at Washington for a considerable some of money, this they will gladly pay of-course, as a small token of their appreciation for my genius.

Lodbrogg.

The "Bookmen" (a monthly that does

LODBROGG THE HALF WIT

not realize that sarcasm is not an indication of brilliancy.) came out with the unparalleled effrontery, and had the mitigated gall to chronicle the following, seemingly with little or no regard for whatever feelings I might possess:

"We call the attention of our readers to the subjoined admirable piece of diplomatic philosophy "Advice to our Government." We need say nothing as to the meritoriousness of the article:--- it is impossible to read it without marveling over the genius of the author.

We heartily hope that the government will comply with Lodbrogg's suggestions at once. Just why Lodbrogg

is not a millionaire is beyond our comprehension;--- anyway, we doff our hat to the immortal half-wit."

It was really a high-toned notice, but after some deliberation, I concluded withal that the inimitable comment was a farce, and upon close examination I must confess that nine tenths of its quantity fairly reaked with sarcasm.

You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not be surprised when I say that I resolved revenge. Of course I did not give vent to the utterance of a threat, --- but proceeded very systematically to inflict a series of persecutions. My first act was to trample the last number of their maga-

zine beneath my feet. There was no one about to see me accomplish this atrocity, and I carried the act out with precision and impunity.

My daily route to my down town office lay directly past the main building of the "Bookmen," in passing this establishment I would scowl in a most dreadful manner; once, I went so far as to turn my nose up at the janitor of their place.

One night, I think it was in October, it was very dark and stormy, the streets were practically deserted and not a soul was to be seen.

It was on this night, I say, that I planted myself directly opposite their plant, and shook my fist over a

hundred times! in their direction.

The moment anyone passed I would stand motionless until the coast became clear, whereupon I began my fist shaking all over again.

The following day I purchased a ticket for the far west and made good my escape, --- a half a century has elapsed and, as yet, I have never been over taken. So all is *comme il faut*, and my *entourage* is *je ne sais quoi*.



TELCANI

QUAND UN BON VIN MEUBLE MON ESTOMAC,
JE SUIS PLUS SAVANT QUE BALSAC---
PLUS SAGE QUE PIBRAC;
MON BRAS SEUL FAISANT L'ATTAQUE
DE LA NATION COSSAQUE,
LA METTROIT AU SAC;
DE CHARON JE PASSEROIS LE LAC
EN DORMANT DANS SON BAC;
J'IORIS AU FIER EAC,
SANS QUE MON COEUR FIT TIC NI TAC,
PRESENTER DU TABAC

*King Death is a fool, and selects indiscrimi-
nately, --- Keats.*

Poor Telcani. I knew him well;
he was a fine manly fellow, with a
hand as open as day, and a heart of

of purest generosity. We had been intimate friends from early boyhood and when we left college, we stood together utterly inexperienced in any branch of industry that might act as a means of livelihood.

Various were the schemes and designs we projected for the advancement of our fortunes, but each succeeding day found us as undecided as ever.

One dark, dismal and dreary afternoon, as the shades of night crept slowly above the eastern horizon, we were loitering leisurely along the banks of the Yarrow, and suddenly on emerging from a dank cluster of cypress we found ourselves approaching upon a camp of wandering

TELCANI

Gipsies. Telcani proposed, that for a frolic, we should request some seer or seeress to pass, prophetically, upon our future.

To this I gladly assented, and a moment later we were comfortably seated in the private quarters of Theda Bareux, a world famed Psychic and a woman of uncommon qualifications.

"Ah" she said, raising her eyes slowly to meet those of my friend, "thine is a melancholy destiny and I see that thy name is Telcani." She closed her large mysterious eyes and shook her head in a most sympathetic manner.

"Very good! that's excellent!" exclaimed my companion. "This

promises to be interesting; come now,

*'If thou canst look into the seeds of time
And tell which will grow and which
will not.'*

"Tell me the worst that shall ever befall me and I will pay you well, I have a peculiar fascination for the tragic and my nerves are such that a so-called shock proves a mere bagatelle to my callous soul;" and with an air of braggadocio he held forth his palm.

"See!" she said suddenly, diverting her gaze from intent study of his hand and pointing to a distant star that was shining brilliantly in the heavens. "Look!" and she extended her long bronze-like arms toward it.

"See yon star near to the belt of Orion? Tis thine,"

The merry Telcani became completely subdued by her singular manner and gazed upon the planet intently, he seemed to be astonished in regards to her uncanny knowledge, and remained silent while she continued.

"I see by the fountains of truth, that a peril of a most fatal nature awaits you." here she bowed her head and mumbled a weird chant in her native tongue.

"But when --- where?" asked my friend in a tone that betrayed his excitement.

"Where the summer blooms not, where the stars look not down, nor

TELCANI

the song birds ever sing ; your guide is an evil one, and beckons to you from a dreary region, --- in seven years you will submit to his call, and it will be then that your doom will terminate, --- as I say my dear, thine is a melancholy destiny."

"As I do not believe a word you say," said Telcani "you may speak as plainly as you like ; besides, I have a heart for any danger and if you *do* know anything you should know that my fears are few."

"I know your heart my dear," she broke in "but thy star has departed from view, and all further prescience is denied me. Remember, seven years and the horrible truth will con-

vince you of my word's significance."

.

Many years after this adventure, I was residing in one of the principal sea ports of England, where I became intimately acquainted with the captain of the *Dargo*, a vessel that was usually employed in whaling excursions along the shores of Spitzbergen.

From his agreeable manners in conjunction with the glowing description he gave me of his adventures in that desolate region, gave me a strong desire to make a trip there, and I no sooner expressed myself in this regard, when he tendered me free passage; he treated me royally, and I was given to understand that I was

to consider myself a privileged character and that all hospitalities aboard the Dargo was to be taken for granted.

Being comparatively my own master I accepted at once. And it was but a few weeks later that we set sail from the port of Hull; ours was a gallant crew and we put to sea satisfied to the man.

After a run of forty days, during which time we visited the Orkney Islands, we found ourselves, upon taking exact reckoning to be lying between 9 and 24 E. lon., and 76, 30 and 80 N. latitude.

The season selected for the pursuance of the fishery is during the short summer. --- when vegetation



Along the shores of Spitzbergen.

TELCANI

springs forth with such rapidity that the spot, which perhaps the night before was a plain of ice, will appear in the morning a fresh verdant meadow.

The shrubs will be clothed with leaves, the air heavy with fragrance and the scream of the plover, and the pipe of the partridge are heard from every direction.

Having been extremely fortunate in completing our cargo sooner than we expected, the captain and myself resolved to enjoy the fine shooting that was to be found among the islands. One day, so exciting had been the sport, that we found ourselves at a considerable distance from

where our vessel was docked, in fact, we had wandered so far into the interior of the island that we were over half way across its body proper.

As we neared the opposite shore of the small body of land, we were surprised to see a large vessel as if lying at anchor, or rather imbedded in the ice.

Our curiosity was greatly excited and we studied the peculiar craft for some time. Ofcourse, we at first took it to be an optical delusion; but on learning that it was not, we at once determined to pay the vessel a visit upon the spot. There was a sheen of thick ice that the vessel stood against broad side; and as we neared

her, we discovered that the sails were hanging in tatters; the rigging was broken and entangled, while the bowsprit seemed to be gone entirely.

There were no visible signs of her being manned and we were within but a few paces of her. She was a bark of 'bout a thousand tons and was, to our surprise, wedged very firmly in the ice.

It was apparent that she had suffered much; and all remained in absolute silence, except, one solitary curlew which rose from the deck, and kept screaming and wheeling around as if unwilling to leave.

With considerable difficulty we managed to climb aboard; and as we

decked her, the first thing that greeted our gaze was the form of a dog, stretched out stiff and lifeless in the embrace of death.

The carcass was perfect and entire and was without the slightest sign of decomposition or decay; it was preserved, no doubt, by the extreme severity of the climate.

Everywhere around us lay emblems of neglect and desolation, evidently, the vessel had been deserted, but for what purpose, we were at loss to determine.

On displacing one of the hatch lids we found that the cargo was a valuable one, and it was a solemn and singular sight to find thus a gallant

monarch of the deep. We descended the companion-way to the cabin and found the door a-jar--- all was darkness and quiet, I placed my foot upon some substance, and as I bent to feel I encountered a human hand that was very cold and clammy.

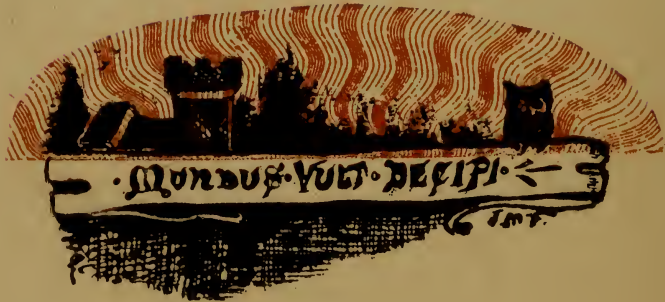
I staggered back, startled --- the captain struck a light, and a scene of horror, of a most terrifying nature burst into view.

Around the table sat several bodies, erect and cold, and evidently had been lifeless for many months. All were in gruesome attitudes, and all that remained of the eyes of each man were the empty sockets ; their flesh was in a wonderfully distinct

TELCANI

state of preservation, while a green and viscous mould had settled completely over them.

The man who was sitting at the head of the table I recognized at once, he was, as you are no doubt aware, my old friend and the companion of my youth --- Telcani.



JAZZ MERAZZ

PLEASE SHED NO TEARS ABOVE MY GRAVE ---
REMEMBER THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.

LILLIAN RUSSELL.

Let it be understood from the very beginning that I am a man of my word. Impossible? --- Not so, not so!

And that I am a painter, also, of uncommon qualifications, no man can, I imagine, feel himself at liberty to dispute. Then again, who would

be brazen enough to launch an enuendo in my direction?

My model, mind you, was the Goddess of proportion, and it was well said by many, that anyone who would kick on her figure would kick on being hung.

Now what drove me to distraction was the fact that she would only pose in the one exclusive subject,--- Vanity, in fact, her vanity would permit her to pose no other way.

I had an order of no mean consideration to paint Rebecc at the well, when to my consternation and disgust my model shyed into the room with a hand mirror and a cloud of perfume.

At once I became enraged, I cursed



HER VANITY WOULD PERMIT HER TO POSE NO OTHER WAY

I swore, I roared, and rushing down to the lower plaza I erected a scaffold and hung myself upon the spot.

There is no such thing as death by hanging, and the victim merely experiences a series of sensation of a most pleasing nature, and but for the chafing of the rope, the pressure of the knot and the swelling of my optics, I found, that hanging was after all, an event never to be forgotten.

I heard my heart beating with violence --- and the veins of my hands and wrists swelled nearly to bursting, while my temples throbbed tempestuously. Yet, when I say that in spite of all this my feelings were *not* absolutely intolerable, I will not be believed.

There were noises in my ears, first like the tolling of huge bells --- then like the beating of a thousand drums --- then, lastly, like the low solemn murmuring of the sea. But these noises were far from being disagreeable.

Have I not told you that I am a man of my word ? Believe me then when I say that I, Jazz Merazz, painter, and mephistophelian philosopher am chronicling this from a *historiette*, *fait accompli by le esprit borne*.

I took a wild delight in analyzing my conceptions. Memory, which of all other faculties, should have first taken its departure, seemed on the contrary to have been endowed with quadrupled power. Each incident of

my past life flitted before me like a shadow. There was not a brick in the building where I was born --- not a page in the primer I had fingered when a child --- not a tree in the forest where I hunted when a youth, that I did not most palpably behold.

I could repeat to myself entire lines, passages, chapters, books, from the studies of my earliest days; and while, I dare say, the crowd around me were blind with horror, or aghast with awe, I was alternately with Aeschylus a demi-god, or with Aristophanes, a frog.

A dreamy delight suddenly took hold upon my spirit, and I imagined that I was filled to the brim with

JAZZ MERAZZ

Dago-red, and that I had just finished feeding upon the Hashish of the old Assassins. Finally, I heard my name going the rounds of the crowd, it sounded to my ear, much as celluloid smells when burning ;--- it was Jazz Merazz this, Jazz Merazz that, and Jazz Merazz the other thing.

"After all" thought I "sacrificing my self thus has not been in vain, for my name has been circulated by the tongues of men," and this, as we know, is about the only compensation any artist need ever expect.



BLOODY FINGERS

WHEN WE WANT A GOOD GIRL,
WE WANT HER BAD, --- BUT NOT TOO BAD.

Death leads us to a distant shore
Where sad souls struggle evermore ---
Where rising floods of knowledge roll.
And pour and pour upon the soul.

No woman was more lovely than
the fair Estell, and I would swear
to this upon my soul. Kings had bent
their knee before the shrine of her smiles
and men of every description were
her willing attendants. As for myself,

BLOODY FINGERS

I am a sculptor of some renown, and you can, no doubt, realize the great joy with which my soul was enthralled as the day set for my wedding drew near.

Her father, who had just died was much averse to our intention, and his last words were in the shape of a curse, which he endeavored to bring down relentlessly upon our heads.

His death, however, was the close to all objection, and the night of our marriage was soon at hand. The gorgeous apartments of the beautiful Estell were thrown open to guests of every description. The princely; the noble; the talented and the beautiful; painter, sculptor, and men of all rank

BLOODY FINGERS

were present ; for invitations had been circulated far and wide. The lady of my heart professed to be extremely happy, but I could easily see that faint uneasiness with which all women approach the altar.

What-with a rumor afloat that steps were being taken to prevent the ceremony, we deemed it judicious to have a house-officer stand at hand with a naked sword.

Estell and I were kneeling with bowed heads at the feet of the Cardinal as he began the service, and, if I remember rightly, it was at the very moment that I was placing the ring upon her velvety white finger that an arm shot forth, thrusting deep into the

BLOODY FINGERS

bosom of my bride, an ugly and glittering stiletto. So instantaneous was the blow with the appearance of the arm thrust from a cloak, that there was no chance to warn, no chance to defend her! But ere the dagger had withdrawn, the hand of the assassin fell to the ground, cleft at the wrist by the sword of the man on guard.

The room was simultaneously filled with a cry of horror! the assassin in the commotion, had instantly fallen back and hid himself amid the throng! The loss of his hand had given him advantage of escape as it fell to the floor and the flow of blood drew the attention of the guests for the moment, and thus enabled the

BLOODY FINGERS

villian to elude detection. Cries of "seize him !" echoed and re-echoed throughout all adjoining compartments. "Close the doors and permit no one to depart !" shouted a chorus of voices

The crowd, in fact, was very enthusiastic in the anticipation of a capture, and the excitement became intense; every man looking upon his neighbor with horror and suspicion, and each mortified over the idea that a bleeding assassin was among them.

"By heaven!" cried the officer who had severed it; "it is a woman's hand, and a well born woman's too!" And he held up to view a very exquisitely formed hand of a female, the drops of crimson gore staining its

BLOODY FINGERS

blue-veined skin, and thus contrasting its whiteness! The fingers were singularly symmetrical, and on one of them was a ring of peculiar setting.

"This ring," exclaimed the detective, "will lead to the arrest of the culprit! there will be somebody, no doubt, who can identify the ring."

However, the murderer was nowhere to be found in any part of the entire building, and the whole terrible affair remained wrapped in mystery.

I was almost upon the verge of collapse from the shock, and feeling that I, as well as anybody else, may be able to identify the severed extremity, took the hand of bloody fingers

BLOODY FINGERS

and put it in my pocket. Then kissing my wife,--- my wife of a second --- my dead wife farewell I left the house of horror at once; taking out my watch I saw that but a dozen minutes had elapsed since the death wound had been inflicted, the only clew, too, was that the hand of death was thrust, seemingly, from the lower extremity of the Cardinal's cloak and at a moment when he held the holy book in one hand, while the other was slightly elevated.

The extraordinary situation was really baffling, and no one ever learned that it was *I, myself that had committed the deed!* Not so much that I did not

BLOODY FINGERS

love the beautiful Estell, but that I craved to possess her entire fortune --- a fortune that fell into my hands at the moment of her death.





"THE MUSE IS A GOOD FELLOW AND KEEPS OPEN HOUSE."





Speaking of death, I *must* sing ;---

Or die with songs unsung.



INTRODUCTION TO POEMS

O, nothing clever, save the way
Weird-like subjects hold the eye,
As do the demons ghastly gay,
That form imagination's prey.

O, nothing high enough to fill
Your soul with approbating thrill
As does the work of passion-hearted
Master-Minders long departed,
Whose names on earth will ever dwell
Like the endless sea-song in a shell.

O, nothing finished as the flowers,
Or quite as lofty as the towers ;
Nevertheless a philosopher sees
Weird (non-tragic) things will please.



THE COQUETTE

It was a lady young and fair
Who sang the mournful strain,
Her brow wore not a shade of care,
Her cheek no trace of pain ;
Yet sung she, just as one who knows
How youthful hearts are torn,
Love's first step is on the rose
The *second* finds the thorn.

No brighter, lovelier face appears
In pleasure's crowded mart,
That proud eye was not made for tears,
No blight should touch that heart ;
Yet, mark how sad the music flows
From lips curled half in scorn,---
Love's first step is on the rose,
The second finds the thorn,

THE COQUETTE

Bright jewels bound her raven hair,
And sparkled on her hand,
For earth held naught of rich or rare
Her wealth might not command ;
But as she sings, some memory throws
Its shadows o'er life's morn ;---
Love's first step is on the rose,
The second finds the thorn,

Alas ! it is a weary task,
To trace life's hidden cares,
And who would raise the smiling mask
A deceitful maiden wears ?
Her mournful song may well disclose
How much her soul is worn :---
Loves first step is upon the rose,
The second finds the thorn.

MAN AND BEAST

Says Tom to Dick, the other day,
"I've been thinking that our bosses
Could use us better every way,
If we were horses."

"O, no, for horses may be lost
We know without the aid of scholars
That to replace one it may cost,
A hundred dollars.

But you and I may starve and slave,
What matters if we are all brothers;
If we should die, they will not have
To purchase others."



THE POET AND THE SPARROW

In the chill snow, a birdling hopped,
And thus exposed were its tender feet
He chirped so sweetly that I stopped;
As he capered gayly 'bout the street.

"Dear birdy" said I, with a smile,
"You are, no doubt, by nature sent
For man's sad spirits you beguile,
And teach him lessons of content."



MELANCHOLY

Grief is bitter in the hour
When we feel its goading power ;
When beneath its venomed smart
Reels the brain and sinks the heart ;
Then the laboring bosom swells
Struggling with its deep distress,
And from the very inmost cells
Gush the drops of bitterness.
But when melancholy flings
From his soft and soothing wings
Melting in the heart away
The deepest anguish day by day
So grief, in melancholy's hand,
Dismal, sweet, and soft appears ;
Though no smile it can demand,
Neither does it call for tears.
Then, far better than all this,
We receive Death's lasting kiss
Breathing on the wounded heart
Balm no other can impart.

AEONS AGO

I oft cogitate on the mystical past,
Many aeons ago,
When cohesion of 'lectrons first began
In terrestrial caverns below ;
Yes, I oft wonder how the heulandite
 grew,
In its terrahexahedronical way,
Enclosed in its amygdaloidal home
 In the antediluvian day.
The great pachydermatous dinother-
 iums roamed,
Tho' hypostatically unknown to me
In those hyperborean regions of cold
By the paleocrystic sea.
But by some sudden glacial cataclysmatic change,
The whole brobdignaggian mess
Were irrevocably buried in Cenozoic
 drift,
And irretrievably lost --- I guess.

THE LITERARY GOAT

The goat is very much maligned ;
His taste perhaps is not refined,
But in his own peculiar way
He grasps the questions of the day,
And takes them in most thoroughly ;
A literary digest he
Of great capacity and power.
Should you, like me, to pass an hour
Indite some verse, I'm sure he would,
Like most the half-wits, say :

"That's good."



THE STORM

Yes, Yes! I hear the midnight blast
Moaning around my lonely home,
And over everything is cast
A spell of melaucholy gloom.
It mourns like spirits on the wing
Hark ! hear the swishing of the rain
Screaming thru' the whistling wind,
Then all is still again.

The ragged jagged lightning's fire
Pierces through the dismal night.
And when the thunder roars its ire
My spirit feels delight
To hear the elemental strife,
And see the demon ride the storm
Jeopardizing all of life ---
Ah, I love the storm.



THE CAMERIST

It may be that I am defective
In humor; but I'd like to hammer a
Youth that's abroad with a detective
camera.

I cannot find, though long reflective,
In dictionary or in a grammer a
Phrase to fit him and that detective
camera.

He shoots the face in wild perspective
He makes one look like a jim-jammer a
Doddering wreck, with his detective
camere.

He shows these libels irrespective,
To our friends, who raise a clammer a
Wild shriek of mirth o'er his detective
camera.

I'd like to try my hand corrective,
And give this gay pictorial clammer a
Swat with his ever alert detective
camera.

THE SCRIBE

A man of letters. A pen.
No creed or greed to foul his aim,
And stands a man among all men,
Yet, knows the tricks of any game.

Toiled and studied through iron years;
His morals 'mount to a tinker's damn;
We raise our glass in earnest : Here's
No mollycoddle, but a man .



TO ANNA

Adieu --- I ne'er may see thee more,
But treasured in this faithful breast,
Although I roam a distant shore,
Thy saintly image still shall rest ;
And like yon star's celestial beam,
That gilds the clouded brow of night
Shed o'er life's dark and troubl'd stream
A ray of pure and holy light.
Each gentle word, each look of thine
That sanctifies this parting hour,
A holy spell will sure entwine,
And shield me with its magic power.
When rosy twilight's lingering ray,
From off the ocean's heaving breast,
Softly and sweetly melts away,
And all puts on a look of rest,
Then, Anna, I'll live o'er again,
Those happy moments spent with thee
And though divided by the main,
Our souls will still commingled be.



"THEN ANNA, I'LL LIVE O'ER AGAIN,
THOSE BRIGHT-WINGED MOMENTS SPENT WITH THEE,"

Fure Divino

The grave is cheerless to the view,
And mouldering remants lie around
Of what *was* man --- yet balmy sleep
Is hear unbroken, to be found.
When friends fall off like autumn leaves
And all of life is dipt in gloom ;
Where can a blighted heart find ease
As well as in a dreamless tomb ?
Do not grieve that life must end ---
This weary life, we seem to crave,
For death inevitably will lend
Eternal rest within the grave.



ETERNITY OF DREAMS

I threw a bauble to the sea,
A billow caught it hastily;
Another billow quickly came
Successfully the prize to claim;
From wave to wave unchecked it pass'd
Till tossed upon the strand at last
Of some far distant shore.
Passing simply, as a dream
And really --- does it not seem
That life, is but a lasting dream?
While we're doomed to dream and
dream
To dream --- forevermore.

A THOROUGH BOHEMIAN

I'm just human, and have no creed,
Nor do I try to lift or save,
I won't appeal or intercede
For any fool or any knave ;
I never make a rigid pledge,
And no man's character I assail ;
While many swing a filthy sledge
Of criticism rant and stale.
I'm faithful to the thinker's post
My own soul I'm captain of ;
No holy fire or pentecost
Can force on me a savior's love.
I fight alone, and win or sink,
I need no one to make me free,
And want no Jesus Christ to think
That he could ever die for me.
I always give what e'er I can
And lay away no miser's store
And what I take from any man
I have no thankful feeling for.

A THOROUGH BOHEMIAN

All you worship, fear and trust,
I kick into the sewer's maw,
And fling my hatred and disgust
Against your paltry grafting law
For all I wish beneath the sky
Is simply this --- to live and die.





And all I wish

Beneath the sky

Is simply this

To live and die

SO DROOPED THE GIRL

Sing, minstrel, sing the bier
Where rayless she doth lie,
Like moon's bright dewy tear,
Crushed by rude foot steps ere
The sun is high !
Lift up the jealous veil
Which fain would interpose
Its folds of fabric pale,
To hide --- sounds soft the wail ---
Love's bosom rose.
Let music's deepest swell
Rise sweet the lute above,
And 'mid its pauses tell,
How faded and how fell
The flower of love.

SO DROOPED THE GIRL

Like leaf from mountains brow
Cast on the streamlet's breast,
Chant to the breezes how,
Gently on currents slow
It flowed to rest.

Sing ! Minstrel, pour thy lay ---
The lyre's best string is mute !
Chant the young queen of May,
Whose hand forgets to stray
Along the lute !

And the deep voiced minstrel spoke !
"She hath her spirit height,
Like tree 'neath woodman's stroke ;
Like bird with pinion broke ;
In midway flight.

"She faded down the sky,
Singing such melting tone,
That the wild lark, hovering high,
Struck with strange melody,
Forgot his own.

SO DROOPED THE GIRL

"Cold was the world's bleak shower
Along her cheek of pearl ;
And like the passion-flower
Chill'd in some wintry bower ---
So drooped the girl.

"Death saw and loved the maid,
(Oh ! prize for dark decay)
And with a kiss of shade
All Judas-like, betrayed
The bride away.

"Along the silent stair
So stealthy was his tread,
That the watchers worn with care,
Dreamed not of robber there,
Till he had fled !

"And the watch lamp burning low,
Cast o'er the spoil he left,
Dim shadows creeping slow,
Along its brow of snow,
To hide the theft.

SO DROOPED THE GIRL

'But when the dazzling day
Streamed out from orb divine,
They read by the tell-tale ray,
Which bathed that cheek of clay,
The spoiler's sign.

'They *knew* that she had died,
That the archer's claim was paid,
Yet one, who stood beside
That remnant of a bride,
Almost had said ;

'How beautifully deep
In minstrel trance she lies !
It is a sin to weep,
So gently closes sleep
Her soft sealed eyes."'



THE HELL SHIP

Hurrah! hurrah for the foaming flood
Of fiery Phlegethon
A demon bride,
And devilish bridegroom side by side,
Are sailing the river upon ;
He's an imp of the very best blood
And she's a devil of Ton,
Their brig is the shattered fragments of
A shipwreck long ago,
In a fanthomless bay,
For a cycle of years it rotting lay,
So the devil employed it now ;
The roof of the murky pit he clove,
And the old hull tumbled through.
From sinews dry her ropes were made
Of a race of Egyptian kings,
Newly lifted from
Vaults of mephistophelian catacombs;
Her sails were leathery things,
Of crimnal's skins that alive were flayed
Some were, and of vampire's wings.

THE HELL SHIP

Blocks and spars, are skulls and bones
 Some were by famine slain,
 Some met their doom
From burning blasts of a great simoom,
 And for ages unburied had lain
Where they had heaved their dying
 groans,
 In the midst of a desert plain.
Her mast was the stem of a Upas tree,
 For many a death renowned
 And still it bore
Of poisonous juices, a pestilent store
And the devil a banquet found;
"Ah, it is very good liquor" says he
And he passed the goblet around.
The demon mariners shrieked as they
 found
A drink that was quite to their mind
 They sucked it dry,
Then with their lengthy teeth did try
 To tear off the horrible rind,

sound

Of their tasks as they did gild.

same crew

with her did plumb the

Ah ! little they thought

In fancied security slumber they sought

They would never again watch keep;

few,

And they slept all eternal sleep.

all fleshless, all lifeless, all soulless no

moved in skeleton sh

I was hideous to see

glee,

With their dead jaws all agap,

hearing as they trailed both to and fr

THE HELL SHIP

As each one to his grinning jowl.
 Lifted a vessel up ---
 (A suicide's skull'
With thick black juice from the upas,
 full
 Festering in the cup,)
Thru' their jaws the liquor would fall,
And down on their bare ribs drop.
In one fearful group from the others
 apart,
They were playing for awful gain
 The souls of those,
Whose wicked lives brought a wicked
 close,
Now doomed to unending pain
Satan poured vitrol on each one's heart
And placed insects in each ones brain.



SACRAMENTAL

One speaks for all---when Peter thus
Speaks for himself, he speaks for us;
And all who loves the Savior,s name
Loves with Peter's earnest flame.
Come! who such appeal can make.
Who love him for his own dear sake,
Come! in his arms of grace recline,
And feast with him on bread and wine
A royal table! royal cheer!
Haste, hungry, thirsty, fainting here!
Neath mercy's gentle spreading wings
Step forward, there is naught to fear
Of cosmopolitan, Kings of Kings.(?)

POLITICIAN

A man went hustling down the street
His hat pulled o'er his eye,
He took his strides so long and fleet
That every one he chanced to meet,
 Stood and stared
 And then declared
That he was some official cheat,
Rushing away to the county-seat ;
He shook his head and then his fist
Once he struck at the wind and missed
 He slapped his thighs
 And d---d his eyes ;
His get-there-vim was hard to beat
 By any man *his* size
He's "Political" we know at once,
For these big stiffs pull many stunts
 To make us think there wise.

THE DEATH OF LEONORA

I see thee in thy summer bower,
The fairest and the sweetest flower;
The sunshine of thy happy heart
In blushes o'er thy features start,
And well it may, sweet maid for ne'er
Hast thou felt a shade of care.
And like thine own Italian skies,
Without one cloud to stain their bright
Blue endless depths ---thy laughing eyes
Flash thru' their lashes, lustrous light.
The rosebud gemm'd with pearly dew
Just opening to the glow of heaven
Seems not so sweet as the rich hue
That to thy rosy lip is given.
Thy dark tresses wild and free,
Stream on the balmy breath of eve;

THE DEATH OF LEONORA

A sight most beautiful to see.
Oh! that such charms should ever leave
This world of ours, such dwellers here
Would change it to a glorious sphere!
So sat the maid in beauty's charms,
Her young heart fraught with feelings
kind;

Secure from danger and alarms,
And wooing of the balmy wind,
That swept o'er beds of fragrant flowers
While slowly rose the evening star
And stilly fell the dewy showers ---
As sweetly in her silver car,
Came twilight with her solemn beam
O'er mount and valley lake and stream
When hurtling in the golden west
Was heard the thunder's voice of ire;
Around each peak and Alpine crest,



"THE FAIREST AND THE SWEETEST FLOWER"

She sets, a star of beauty bright
In death's deep sea of endless night.



KING DEATH

I'm King-Death, yes I'm King Death
You know my dreaded form.
Rapid and dark, my specter barque,
That sweeps before the storm;
Weirdly bright thru' Satonic night,
Hideous eye balls glare;
Fiercely the spires, of volcanic fires
Stream on the sulphurous air.
From the womb of the waters,
Athirst for slaughters
I arose that thirst to sate;
Green isles are graves in the waste of
waves
When I wish them desolate.
Do I not pass, the man the mass,
And their very life-blood spill?
O'er burning sands and frosty lands
I glide to slay and kill.
Hark, to the beat of my cloven feet
And *you*, who ride the sea,
Where are your dreams that the ocean
streams
Would be safety unto thee?



IMMORTALITY

Bury me mid solemn hills ;
Far from the homes of men a way,
Where wailing winds and lute like rills
Breathe o'er the dead a burial lay.
No mortal eye must see the spot,
In winter's wrath or summer's bloom
Let sleep, forgetting and forgot,
A tenant of a lonely tomb ---
O'er which, as if they too could grieve
A shroud of leaves that Autumns
weave

Where nearly every evening sky
Has her clouds all tipped with fire,
And the lone-bird wandering by,
Shall sadly play its woodland lyre ;
And there, all the stars shall beam
With softer light and gentler grace
Than ever they were known to gleam

IMMORTALITY

And not a foot shall dare intrude,
Upon the peaceful solitude.
An artist is but Natures child ---
And is always loved by her ;
Shall she not, in woodland wild
Protect her sleeping worshiper ?
And as the silent years are seen
To mark the mighty shores of time
Shall nature not, unwearied lean
Above such sepulchre sublime ?
Yet, often times, I think my name
Shall never gild the role of fame.
But, when fame ever takes a start
It penetrates the prison stone.
And finds the center of the heart
That throbs with feelings like its own.
A kindred throb, --- in reality
Is all to immortality.

MONOGAMY

The chain which links my soul to thine
I sometimes fear may be less bright
That sorrow yet may dim the shrine
On which my soul has cast its light
When e'er thou art, or seemest cold
My bosom saddens with a fear,
That love so easily controlled,
May perish when it is most dear.
I know not why such thots should come
To frighten thus my brief repose,
As humming-birds that cease to roam
Find shelter in the fragrant rose.

MONOGAMY

And slumbering in its blushing core,
Content with all the sweetness there,
Forget the blossoms that before
Tempted their wings to try the air---
My spirit bird found her rest,
And in the shelter of thy love,
All timidly she builds her nest
Without a thought or wish to rove.
She leaves it to less happy things,
To seek all flowers that brave the sun;
She is content to fold her wings,
And gather honey but from one.



THE LAST LOOK

She wept beside the couch of him
Who won her bridal vow ---
While death-like ray of starlight dim
Slept palely on his brow :
I come to thee --- in tears I come,
I who have known thee best :
The constant turtle seeks the home
Where she was wont to rest.
I cannot tear my soul away ---
Dear-heart thou wert its light !
Too sad will seem the cheerless day!
Too long, the dreary night !
And who will gaurd against life's storm
My solitary heart ?
Ah! me, give back these kisses warm
We may not --- cannot part.

THE LAST LOOK

But hilt ! what freezing thots restrain
The words I fain would speak,
As on that icy breast again
I lay my burning cheek ?
How cold !--- my love, is *this* the spot
I've loved all else besides ! ---
Alas ! a pulseless heart is not
The pillow of thy bride !
And yet that lip of softened mould
Seems such as once was thine !
No, no --- 'tis pale, and clammy cold
And answers not to mine ;
It breathes no word of soothing tone,
It has no smile for me ;
And as I look, I feel alone, ---
I feel alone with thee.

THE LAST LOOK

The spirit light whose flame divine
Burns not by human will,
Hath vanished from its earthly shrine
And left the temple chill ;
And shadowy phantoms, from above
Seem whispering through the air :
" You look *not* on the one you love ---
 Tis death who sleepeth there !"



THE SKY PILOT

He stood at the altar,
(For he had no chair)
Brass rings on his fingers,
And lard on his hair.
He lolled 'bout the altar
No watch on his fob
A pedant sky-pilot,
As straight as a cob.
He stalled at the altar
In humanity's guise ---
A grin grac'd his features
And goggles his eyes;
He posed at the altar
As shrewd ones have said,
Without cents in his pockets
Or -----.

ETERNAL SOLITUDE

Come, pace the moon lit deck with me
The wind is blowing wild and free
The ship skims on the ocean's breast,
And all around, the foaming crest
Of many a wave is clinging now
Whose whiteness rivals beauty's brow
Come out on deck and you shall see
How weird a night can really be ;
When deadly fogs obstruct the sight,
No moon or stars to render light ;
Come, let me fill your drowsy ears
With a sad tale of other years.

T'was years ago that I was thrown
Upon this wide world all alone ;
'Till he above all might and right,

ETERNAL SOLITUDE

That guides the earth in spacious flight
Put forth a friend to lead my youth,
In straight paths of love and truth !
He had a maid beside his hearth,
That shed such fragrance on his path
That wild idolatry was poured ;
E'en as a miser's countless hoard,
On her, whose heart was all his own,
And richer than a monarch's throne!
See this picture in this case?
Here some artist tried to trace ,
In fadeless hues, her peerless face ;
'Tis like her, but not half so fair ---
The life, --- the soul is wanting there !
Come, come, the fog is almost here,
Let's watch the moon slide in its rear

ETERNAL SOLITUDE

Now we'll see the sky arrange
Itself into a fearful change.
To me, the coming storm floats 'round
With a low, sad persuasive sound.
Oh yes, oh yes, I was to tell
The time to me that life was hell;
Well, to us lovers once there came
To feed love's never dying flame,
Rich words of deep abiding trust,
That always conquer, always must!
True unto nature, no disguise
E'er veiled the language of her eyes.
How oft upon some lonely rock,
Whose base receiv'd the billows shock
In days of yore, through summer hours
Forsaking all the tranquil bowers,

ETERNAL SOLITUDE

We oft reclined --- her soft white hand
Laid lovingly in both of mine ;
She was one of an angel band,
And was willing to resign.

While toiling on a foreign shore,
For wealth to scatter at her feet,
Ere at the altar I could pour
The vows that render all complete,
A stranger's voice bade me return
If once again I would discern
The form I loved.

Why linger on a mateless bird ?
With wound scarce hidden by its wing
With every depth of anguish stirred ---
A lyre with no unbroken string !
I hurried o'er the restless main ,

ETERNAL SOLITUDE

With every foot of canvas free,
And trod my native soil again,
And mingled mong the throngs of men
A hopeless child of misery !
I knelt beside her dying bed,
And on her bosom bent my head;
Twas then she calmly sank in rest
E'en as these waters die away
When breezes cease to play !
They laid her in a sheltered spot
A cool, sequestered pleasant grot
And there a monument is raised
To the one I highly praised.
I planted willows 'round her bed,
That now are waving 'bove her head
And seem to moan with pensive sound

ETERNAL SOLITUDE

O'er slumber which is so profound ;
Its at this shrine I sometimes kneel,
When there is solitude I steal ;
And ask her gentle soul to plead
For mine, when in its hour of need.
Around that grave my feet have trod
Until my foot-prints mark the sod !
And 'tis ever anon that I pray,
That when my form must know decay
That in that spot my troubled breast
Shall find a realm of endless rest,
My soul, then, will be imbued
With eternal solitude.

SERENADE

Awake! lady, awake! that gentle eye,
The voice of music bids uncloze,
We stand beneath the lattice high,
To woo thee from thy soft repose;
The spell of sleep is not so strong
But wizard words the charm can break
By the deep powers of mighty song
We bid the wake ---fair lady, awake?
Awake! lady, awake! upon the lea
The stars look down serenely bright
The moon hath fled beyond the sea
That thou may'st reign the queen of
 night;
Arouse! no cloud is in the skies!
No ripple on the tranquil lake;
Lift the fair lids which veil those eyes
Sweet lady, wake! --- fair lady, awake!

A HEART TO LET

To be let,
To be let at a very desirable rate,
A snug little house in a healthy estate
Tis a bachelors heart the agent is chance
Affection the rent to be paid in advance
The owner, as yet, occupies it alone
The fixtures are somewhat common
but soon
'Twill be furnished by Cupid himself,
If a wife
Takes a lease for the term of her natural life.
Ladies, dear ladies pray do not forget
An excellent bachelor's heart is to let.
The tenant will have a few taxes to pay

A HEART TO LET

Love, honor, and (heaviest item) obey
As for good-will, the subscriber's
Inclined
To have that, if agreeable, settled in
Kind
Indeed, if he could, such a matter
Arrange,
He'd be highly delighted to take in
Exchange,
Provided true title by prudence be
Shown,
Any heart unincumbered, and free as
Its own
So ladies dear ladies pray do not forget
An excellent bachelors heart is to let.

SATAN AND THE POET

Ah ! tis Satan, King of Hell !
My good Sir you are looking well ;
If from appearance, one can tell.
So I don't go to paradise ?
I am enlightened by your eyes ---
What-with the betrayal of your sighs.
You are made ghastly by the moon
That stands above in midnight noon.
Ah ! tell me Sir, are you not here
To instill mephistophelian fear ?

SATAN AND THE POET

You know that little dreamy flower,
That bleeding heart that always hung
So beautifully up in this bower ---
Today (the wind blew and) it swung
So impudently in my face,
So like a thing alive you know,
I tore it from its pride of place
And tore it into pieces, --- so!
No harm done, so the fairies say---
What say you Sir? O King of Hell.
"I've risen from my hellish throne
To render reverence
I'm off now, for a wicked clime,
To give my undivided time,
Your sin's no consequence,
'Twould be mockery to call
Your 'villiany' a crime at all.
Farewell."

LAY HER THERE

Where shall we make her grave ?

Oh! where the wild flowers wave ;

 In the free air !

Where shower and singing bird

Midst the young leaves are heard ---

 There --- lay her there.

Harsh was the world to her !

 Now may sleep minister

 Balm for each ill.

Look on sweet nature's breast,

Let the meek heart find rest

 Deep, deep and still.

LAY HER THERE

Murmur glad waters by !
Faint gales with happy sigh
Come wandering o'er
That green and mossy bed
Where on a gentle head
Storms beat no more !

What though for her in vain
Falls now the bright soft rain,
Plays the soft wind ?
Yet still from where she lies
Should blessed breathings rise,
Gracious and kind

LAY HER THERE

Therefore let song and dew
Thence in the heart renew
Life's vernal glow !
And o'er that holy earth
Scents of violet's birth
Still come and go.

Oh ! then where wild flowers wave
Make ye her mossy grave
In the air !
Where shower and singing bird
Midst the young leaves are heard ---
There --- lay her there.



Finem respice

Farewell ! --- To wisdom consecrate thy days !---
But ye, who strive with eager hands to gain
Earth's glittering store, and mortal's paltry praise,
Approach, and on the tombstone read: "Tis vain."



REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE



PERMIS

Anna Mathias

FAC-SIMILE OF A WOMAN'S PERMIT. --- AN OFFICIAL
PHOTO IS DEEMED NECESSARY TO PREVENT SPIES
FROM MASQUERADING AS WOMEN.

REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE

— MINISTRE DE LA GUERRE —

PERMIS
DE CORRESPONDANT DE PRESSE
AUX ARMEES

Journal

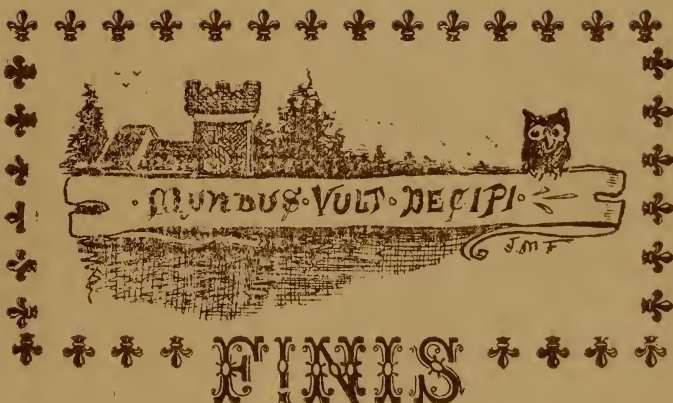
L'ETOILE

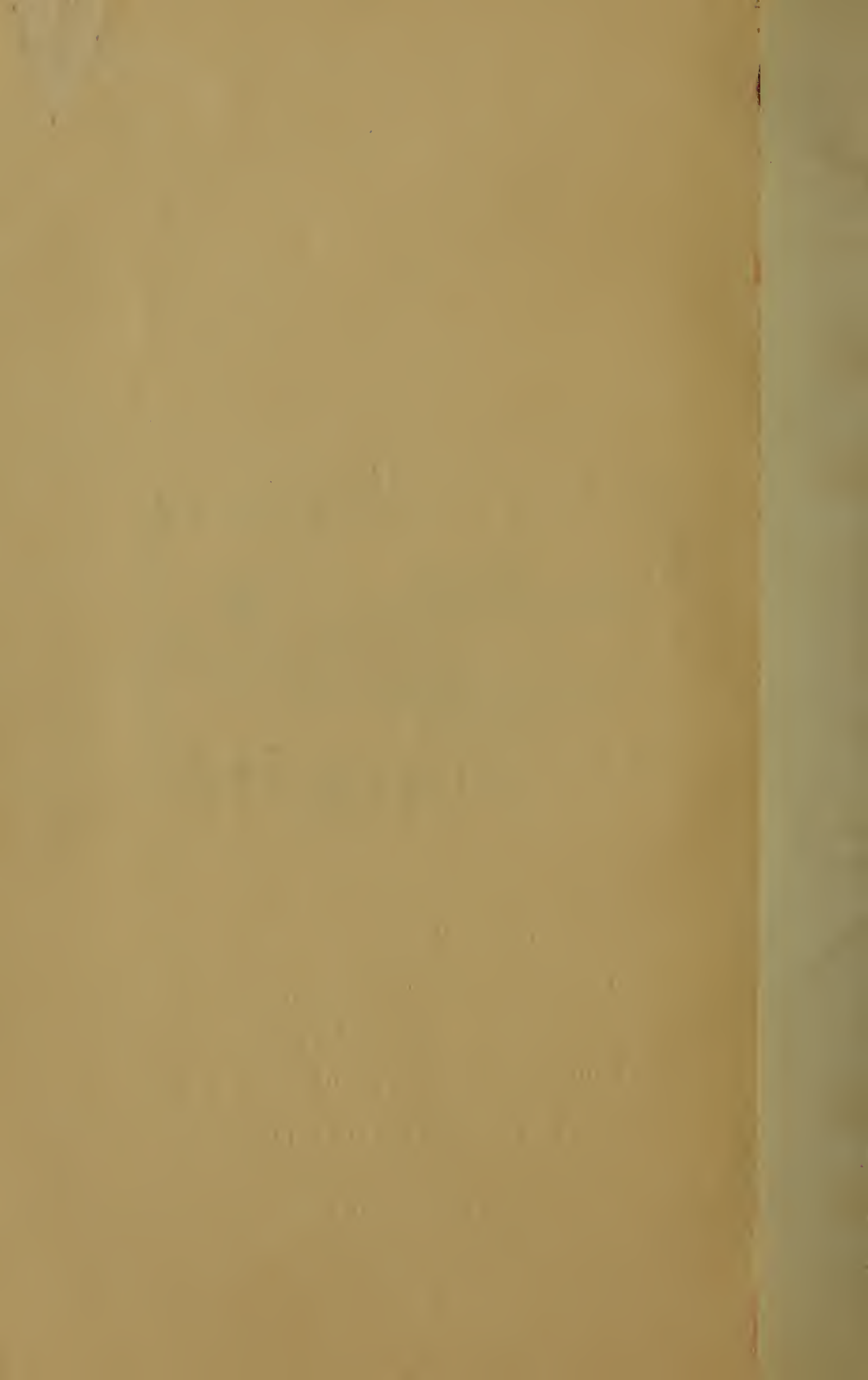
CORRESPONDANT

James M. Flagg

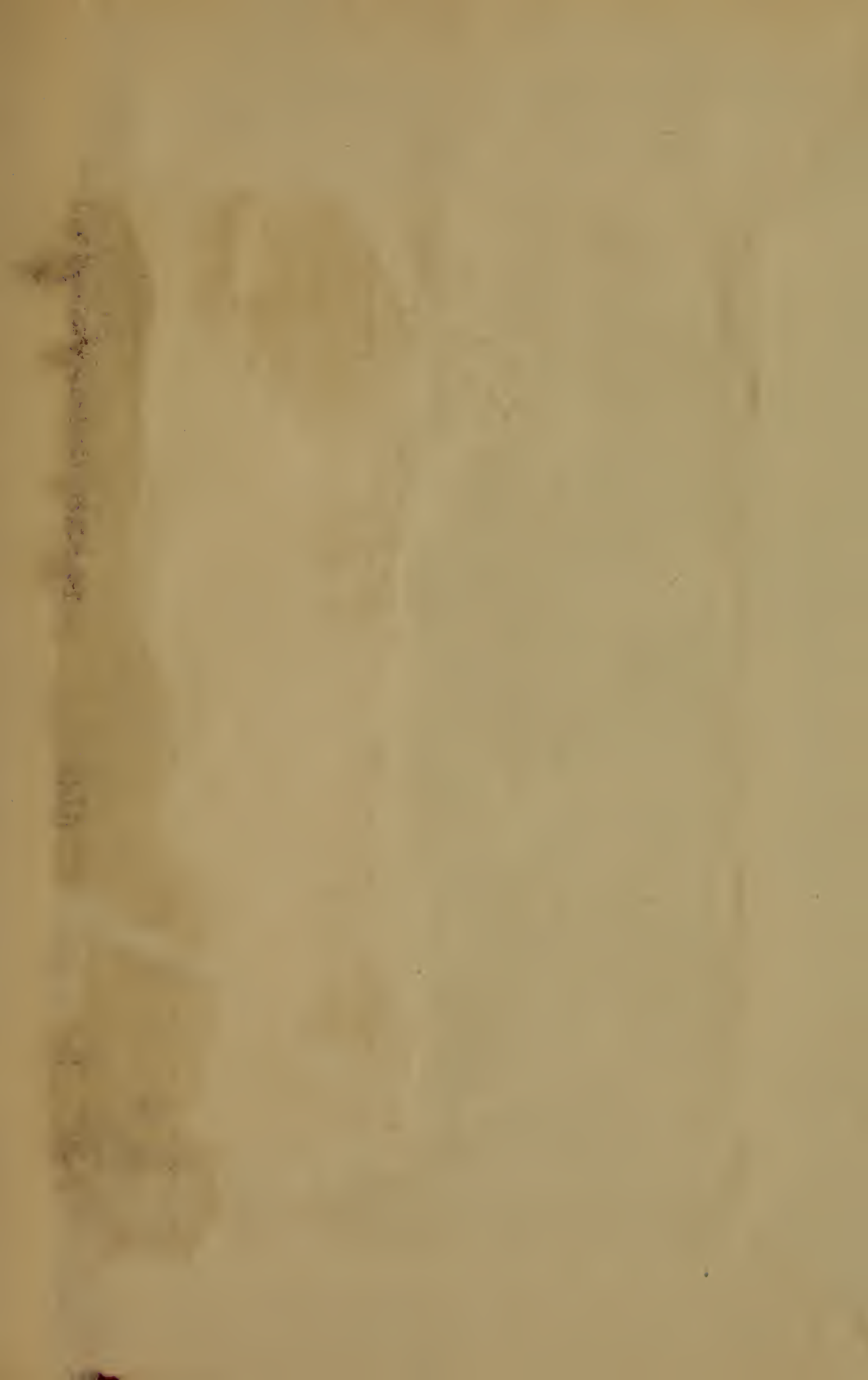
CE PERMIS DOIT ETRE RETOURNE AU BUREAU DE LA
PRESSE DU MINISTRE DES AFFAIRES ETRANGERES
A LA FIN DE CHAQUE TOURNEE.

Fac-simile of Mr Flagg's pass, when
he was acting as war correspondent at
the begining of the European-War.

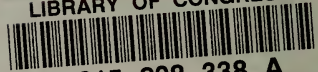








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